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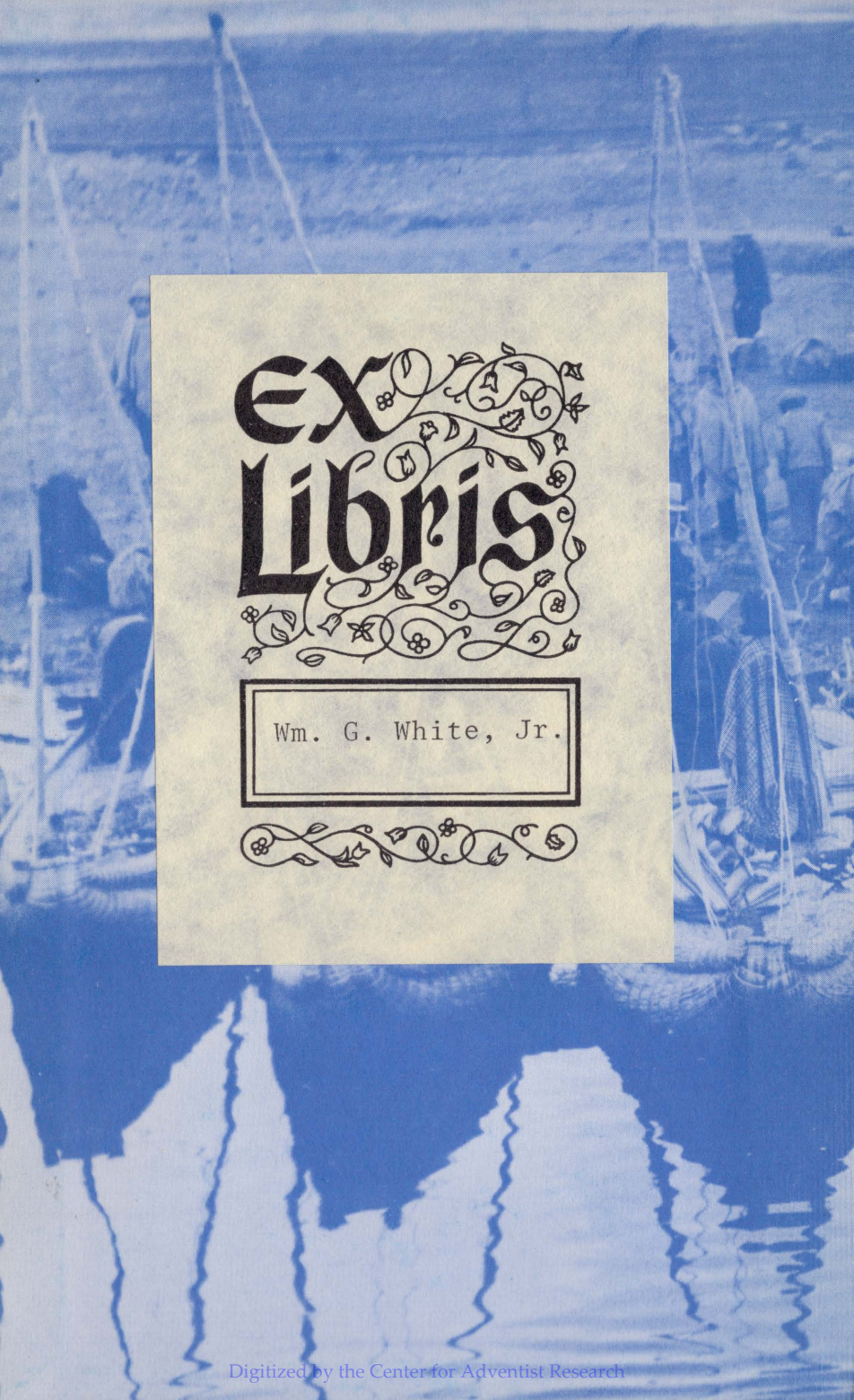
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In Perils Oft



E. H. Wilcox

Missionary extraordinary who gave fifty years of devoted service, both at home and abroad, to his Master.

IN PERILS OFT

By
E. H. Wilcox

Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my loyal wife of fifty years, Clara B. Wilcox, ever devoted to the cause of God and to me. She cheerfully endured the trials of a missionary wife, including the lonely hours spent and the perilous months endured alone.

Note of Gratitude

I am deeply grateful for the encouragement and help given in the preparation of the manuscript of this book by my friends and relatives. I especially wish to express my gratitude to Miss Lorena Wilcox for her help and suggestions. Above all, I thank God for His guidance and the privilege my wife and I have had in passing through the experiences contained in this book. I am grateful for the protection given us during our mission service. I also wish to thank the Lord for the help He has given in this book's preparation and trust that its contents will help some young person to dedicate his life to mission service.

E. H. WILCOX.

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In Grave Danger

IT WAS a Thursday night, and our series of evangelistic meetings was drawing to a close. The subject for the evening was "The Law of God." As I began speaking, I was startled to see that a man was seated at the rear of the auditorium with a revolver in his hand, just under his coat, with the barrel adjusted so that it pointed straight at me. Looking at him further, I soon observed that he was the husband of one of the women who had been attending the meetings throughout the week—a woman who was seated directly in front of me.

Somehow God helped me not to be frightened, and gave me continued ease in presenting the message, which many of my hearers described as "im-



Top: Heeding the admonition to "be still and know that I am God," native worshipers meet to listen to the everlasting gospel.

Bottom: Elders L. D. Minner and E. H. Wilcox (center of picture) on the road to a small town in Peru.

pressive." I had unusual freedom as I covered my subject. And I might observe that while many times Seventh-day Adventists are accused of preaching the Sabbath commandment more than others, that particular evening I found myself speaking freely about all the commandments. I placed particular emphasis on the commandment which said, "Thou shalt not kill," as I uneasily looked down the gun barrel during my presentation. I do not know and never can be sure what the man's intentions were, but I am certain that God stayed the hand that was on the trigger that night. The meeting came to an end without further disturbance.

As soon as the man was outside, he gave vent to his feelings by letting go a volley of shots, which did no harm. Preaching continued, with Sabbath an especially good day for both us and our new converts. Elder L. D. Minner, who was associated with me in the evangelistic endeavor, baptized nineteen precious souls Sabbath afternoon. To complete the day, the Lord's Supper followed the baptismal service, and the Communion was really a glorious one. We returned to our room thanking and praising our heavenly Father for what He had done.

It was in a small town in Peru that we had located an upstairs hall and begun a series of meetings. So many attended that the place had been filled nightly with those seeking the truth. But from the very begin-

ning there had been opposition, including loud bangs on the roof made by stones that would let us know there were those in the city who were not interested in hearing the message and who wanted to prevent others from listening to it. Frequently, too, shots would be fired outside the building, but this did not particularly frighten us. The climax of opposition had come when the man had pointed the revolver at me throughout the service.

It was soon after Elder Minner and I had begun our mission service in Peru that we decided to visit some outlying districts. We boarded a steamer for a short ride to Salaverry, a port near Trujillo. We traveled by train to Ascope, going by way of sugar plantations and passing by sugar mills. A native Peruvian, Francisco Castillo, joined us in Ascope to be our helper and guide. He was a devoted Christian. After having spent a day securing horses and getting our baggage ready, we headed for a little town in the mountains where the evangelistic series was conducted.

Traveling to this place was no pleasure trip. At first we rode through more sugar plantations. Then we came to miles of desert. The sun was hot, almost unbearably so. We soon became thirsty and tired. But on and on we traveled. It was midafternoon when we were heartened to see a flourishing tree in the distance. We eagerly urged our horses

on as Francisco exclaimed, "*Mas allacita beberemos, un poquita de aguita!*" ("A little farther ahead we shall drink a little water!") That phrase sounded so good to me that I never forgot it. We were soon drinking water to our hearts' content. Elder Minner was on one of his first trips, so I was helping him get acquainted with the Spanish language while learning more about it myself. New customs and a new way of life had to be acquired also if we were to make good missionaries.

As I looked at the flourishing tree there in the desert, I was reminded of the first Psalm, which speaks of the man who loves the Lord: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

We soon began to climb the hills. Grass and shrubbery paved the way as we entered a different climate in a different land. It was soon after dark that we arrived at our destination. Francisco, our guide, took us to the home of a friendly family, where we were given a room on the ground floor. Our host was a man with a big heart who lived in a little house. We felt welcome and at home during our stay there.

The night after our climaxing baptismal service, Francisco Castillo, our Peruvian co-worker, Elder

Minner, and I retired to the same room. Elder Minner and I were so tired that we were soon asleep, but Francisco, hearing noises outside, went out to investigate. He told us in the morning that he had found two men trying to place a stick of dynamite under the floor of our room, hoping by that method to get rid of the missionaries for telling of Christ and His love. Francisco was able to dissuade them from their evil purpose, and finally returned to rest before daybreak. Elder Minner and I slept so soundly we had no idea what was going on. When we learned what had happened, we knew God had protected us. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

But the hostilities and opposition had not come to an end. Sunday morning as we walked down the street toward the little public square, we noticed when passing the open doorways of houses that people looked wild-eyed at us. There was something mysterious and strange in the air. On reaching the square, we could see two crosses being erected.

"What are they doing that for, Harry?" asked Elder Minner, looking at me in a puzzled way.

"I don't know," was all I could answer. I tried to ask some of the people who were standing around, but they only looked at me strangely, and apparently did not want to talk. It occurred to me that there might be a religious feast planned for the day. But no one would tell me anything.

"Let's go back and see if Brother Castillo knows anything about this," Elder Minner finally said. We felt uneasy.

"They are building those crosses for you, to crucify you on them!" was Francisco's excited explanation. "I overheard someone saying that just a few minutes ago! You must go quickly to the governor and seek protection. A large mob is being organized. You are in grave danger!"

Even in these faraway places of the earth, Satan is angry when he sees souls lost to him. Working through his own servants, he was stirring up the people of the town against us. We hurried to the governor's house, but were told that he was out of town and would not be back for two days. Then we went to the police station and found that the chief of police was also away. Things were shaping up in a bad way for us. Returning to our room, we knelt to seek wisdom from God, asking Him to guide us in our movements. When we arose, we were all impressed that we should leave at once. But the question was, "How?" We were inside the village. There was no way out except through the entrance arch unless we went directly through someone's house and patio. To get to the entrance arch we would have to pass by the public square.

"You two find your way around the houses to the gate, and I will bring the horses there somehow,"

was Francisco's word to us as he left. Getting the horses was the really dangerous part of the undertaking. We prayed that God would put His hand over the eyes of the people so that they would not see us, else it seemed certain the mob would spring upon us as we made our way toward the entrance arch. When we neared it, we saw a large crowd, but their backs were toward us. We stood quietly and, we hoped, inconspicuously, praying for God's protection. Then Francisco appeared with the horses. Mounting them quickly with a prayer on our lips, we passed through the gate unnoticed. Just as we reached the other side, a cry went up, "There they go!" We put spurs to our horses, and they were not able to catch up with us.

When we were safe, we stopped and thanked God for His deliverance. It was a narrow escape, for without divine intervention we would have been lost. All that day we were praising God. There are many thrills in mission life, but perhaps the greatest is actually to feel the protecting care of Him who can save under all circumstances. Even as God delivered the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace, He can care for His children today.

Belle Bakes—I Propose

I GREW up on a farm in central Oklahoma, where I lived with my Uncle Bent and Aunt Tris Etchison, who were devout Seventh-day Adventists. I was taught to work, not only at tilling the soil and caring for the farm animals but also at household tasks such as cooking and washing dishes. This training proved valuable in later years when I found myself in a foreign country where missionaries must be able to do many practical things.

Perhaps I would never have been interested in mission work had I not been taught to love and obey the Lord, keeping the commandments of God and walking in the Master's footsteps. On Friday evenings when we had worship at the beginning of the

Sabbath, I was greatly impressed as Uncle Bent sang with his strong but mellow voice, "Safely through another week God has brought us on our way," while the sun sank slowly in the golden west. I was also influenced by his earnest prayers as he pleaded with God to help us get ready for the coming of the Lord Jesus, always remembering among his requests the missionaries serving in foreign lands. It was clear to me as a boy that Jesus would come soon and that my life's work should be to help others know about this glorious event and the preparation needed to be saved.

My first opportunity to carry responsibilities in Christian work came in 1906, when I was asked to teach in the church school at Addington, Oklahoma. Having finished three years at Keene Academy, a respectable amount of schooling in those days, I felt that a year of teaching would do me good, and I accepted the call. I am not able to say how much the children benefited from my efforts, but I know it accomplished much for me.

My next effort to serve came when I was sent to northern Oklahoma as a literature evangelist to sell the book *The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan*. My brother, John, went with me. Each equipped with a horse and buggy, we set out for Alva, Oklahoma, which was in the central part of our territory. We were several days on the road,

and what a road it was with a hot sun overhead and deep sandy ruts to plow through! When the horses were tired, we walked. At night we slept on the grass under our buggies while the horses grazed near us. John and I were in earnest about putting our best into the work before us, and spent all the time we could studying our books and planning how to answer questions that might arise. My background in history lacked much of being inclusive, for I remember thinking that the Diet of Worms, before which the doughty Luther was summoned in the days of the Protestant Reformation, had something to do with his being forced to eat worms! I can only hope that I did not communicate this idea to my prospective customers when I finally began to present my book!

In the late forenoon of what future weeks were to prove a most momentous day in my life, we arrived at the home of a Seventh-day Adventist family named Gronemyer, who lived near the town of Alva, where we were planning to work. We found the father and an eighteen-year-old daughter, Belle, busy about the place, the rest of the family having gone to town. Belle was baking bread while she prepared the noonday meal. That meal and that bread seemed the best ever eaten to a hungry boy like me. The girl also impressed me as someone quite special. I was more than pleased when we were able to ar-

range with the Gronemyers to make their home our headquarters for the summer.

Early the next Monday morning we began selling books in the nearby countryside. Timid boy that I was, it took real courage for me to make a start. My horse passed several houses before I stopped him and with trembling knees and fast-beating heart found myself knocking on a door. To my surprise I took an order for the book. I came out of that place walking on air; I was thrilled through and through. But I calmed down as the morning wore on and I made no more sales. Noon came, then one o'clock. At one thirty, famished for food, I decided I would give a little book, *Best Stories From the Best Book*, in return for something to eat. Having obtained a good meal in this way, I again felt fit as could be and was able to sell another book. As the evening shadows began to fall, I headed for the Gronemyer residence. This pattern was repeated throughout the summer, and soon there was a cord of love pulling that way which gave me a second reason for working hard and selling books.

On September 15, 1909, Belle and I were united in marriage at her home, with the friendly neighboring pastor, Elder J. R. Bagby, performing the ceremony. She began being a good wife by helping me deliver my books. With a scholarship in my pocket we went together to Keene Academy for my final



Top left: Awkwardly but effectively, cattle were loaded on boats in Callao harbor by literally pulling them by their horns.

Top right: The first home Elder and Mrs. Wilcox lived in was rented at Keene, Texas, 1909 and 1910.

Bottom: Missionary Wilcox turned carpenter, making the chair and table seen in this picture of the home he and Mrs. Wilcox lived in at Puno, Peru.

year. We rented a little pink house by the railroad tracks and established our first home.

While working hard to finish my studies, I met a problem I could not seem to face: I just could not muster up enough courage to stand before an audience and speak. I would not even join the Missionary Volunteer band because of the plan to give experience in the meetings to prospective ministers and missionaries. So real was my fear that I began to consider going on to college and medical school and becoming a doctor in the homeland. However, since neither Belle nor I could quite forget our early training, we found ourselves still looking toward the mission field. We believed that those whom God could use would be called into His service and that we should make ourselves ready to fill a place should we be needed.

One day just before graduation, there was a knock at our door. When we opened it, we saw Elder W. W. Eastman, who had charge of the colporteur work in the Southwestern Union at that time. He entered and asked if we would be willing to go to the West Texas Conference to lead out in the colporteur work there. My experience in selling books the summer before doubtless helped to bring me this invitation.

As soon as the school year was over, we set out for West Texas, where Elder T. W. Field, the presi-

dent of the conference, met us and gave us a hearty welcome. He suggested that we go to Santa Anna and spend the Sabbath with the company there. The shock of my life came that Friday afternoon when we met the local elder of the church. He said, "You will have the eleven o'clock service tomorrow." None of my pleadings would change his determination for me to speak.

I felt almost terror-stricken. It had never occurred to me that as colporteur leader I would have to deliver sermons. Immediately I went out to the woods and sought the help of the God I had learned to trust. I studied and prayed, and prayed and studied. After working out an outline, I preached from it to the trees, perspiring, praying, and working. The lesson I learned was that the Lord would bless my efforts. I delivered my first sermon on that Sabbath day, and I have been preaching ever since.

After a few years in West Texas I was asked to go to the Arkansas Conference as field secretary there. In the meantime my wife and I had acquired an old model T Ford. It was necessary for us to watch expenses, so I built a big box on the back of the car for hauling baggage and cooking utensils. We carried detachable bows that could be put on the top of the box at night, with a canvas to stretch over them covered-wagon fashion. Here we made a bed which we could crawl into through the back

curtain of the car. With this arrangement we headed through Oklahoma toward Arkansas.

Oklahoma enforced strict prohibition laws. As we crossed the border into that state, we found ourselves followed by a man on a motorcycle. When he caught up with us, he ordered us to stop. "Open that box," he demanded sternly. He was not dressed like an officer, and I saw no star on his coat, so I walked up to him and said, "I don't open that box for everybody."

Quickly he pulled back his coat to show his star, drew a gun, and snapped, "Open that box!"

"Yes, yes," I replied meekly. "Come close here."

When I raised the back door, kettles and pans began to roll out. He looked excited as these fell on his feet. In a baffled manner he exclaimed, "You should put a sign on that box saying, 'No alcoholic beverages'!"

I thanked him for his instruction and drove on. It was the first and the last time that I have been mistaken for a bootlegger. The pride I had felt in my ingenuity was dampened by the fact that an officer of the law had entirely mistaken the purpose of my arrangement, but I was learning that Christian workers must avoid all appearance of evil.

After a year of graduate work in the hard school of experience, I contracted tuberculosis of the lungs and was moved from Arkansas to Clovis, New Mex-

ico, to live or die as God saw fit. Here Belle taught the church school, and I looked after the publishing and educational departments of the conference. By sleeping summer and winter on the porch of our home I improved in health so that I never lost a day because of illness. We both learned to trust the Lord more and more as we worked together in the homeland, and we could not forget our desire to become foreign missionaries. However, we felt that if God wanted us, He would call us. In this way several years went by—years of trust and preparation.

Off to South America

IT WAS while working in Clovis, New Mexico, that Belle and I received the call to go to Peru, South America, where I was to take charge of the literature evangelists. Our hearts had been turned toward China, but when we were asked to go in the opposite direction, we said readily, feeling that God's way is always the best way, "Yes, Lord, we will go wherever You want us to go."

Quickly we finished up our work in the Texico Conference, sold what little furniture we possessed, packed our belongings in suitcases and an old big trunk which we loaded into the back of our model T Ford, and headed for South America. We were going by way of Oklahoma and Kansas to visit our

relatives, but we felt we were really on the road to the mission field.

The wind to which we had become so accustomed was blowing stronger than ever the day we started, with dust so thick we could scarcely see across the street. Surely the weather was celebrating that Christmas Day in 1916 with a vengeance. We stopped long enough for warm good-bys with friends and co-workers we had learned to love, then set out for our new field of labor, determined to conquer the difficulties we were sure to encounter rather than let them conquer us.

As we bumped along over the dusty prairies in our old 1910 car, we exchanged glances several times before either of us spoke. Then Belle ventured, with a twinkle in her eye, "Well, Harry, here we go! I wonder what our *next* home will be like. Probably no electricity. Do you suppose we will live in a bamboo hut?"

"Time will tell," I answered with no more idea than she what to expect, "but I am sure God will take care of us."

I really had not inquired about the conditions we would meet in Peru. At that time my salary and term of service did not seem important. I was needed in the mission field, and I planned to go.

As we had been instructed to get our medical examinations on the way, we stopped to see a doctor

with whom we were acquainted. He decided that I needed to have my tonsils removed and proceeded to take them out. An artery close to one tonsil hemorrhaged several times the day of surgery, and during the following two nights there were more severe hemorrhages. I became so weak that I could hardly see after the last one, and was near death; but God intervened and said, "No, you must witness for Me in South America." Because I needed some time for recovery, our departure was delayed, but our faith in God was not shaken, and our determination to witness for Him in a distant land was not altered. Selling our old Ford, we left for the nearest seaport.

We busied ourselves in New Orleans getting our passports, purchasing tickets, and making steamer reservations. When the sailing day arrived, we went on board a United Fruit Lines steamer going to Cristobal, Canal Zone. Since we had never been on an ocean-going ship before, everything was new and strange to us. As the bell rang and the anchor was lifted, my wife and I stood on deck, leaning over the rail and waving our last good-bys to friends and relatives on the dock. Belle must have had the same empty feeling of loneliness that I did, for she said a bit pathetically, "Harry, we are leaving our native land; do you suppose we will ever see our fathers and mothers again?"

By nightfall the ship was rolling, our steamer trunk and suitcases were rattling from one side of the cabin to the other, waves were coming up onto the deck, and Belle was really seasick. World War I was in progress at that time, and a sharp lookout was kept for submarines. As the second night came on, the captain ordered all lights out because an enemy had been sighted. In the restless suspense which followed, we were glad we could trust the God who had led us thus far to give us a safe arrival at our destination. When we neared Cristobal, a special pilot came far out to meet the ship, guiding it through the mine-infested waters.

We spent two days in the tropical city of Cristobal, rechecking our baggage and getting tickets for the remainder of the journey. From there we took passage on a Chilean steamer, on which Spanish was the spoken language. All was very different from the first part of our voyage, but it gave us an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the difficulties we would encounter in the mission field.

While our ship made its way through the Panama Canal, Belle and I spent an interesting day watching the locks operate and looking at the sights in a new and strange country. Night found us on the Pacific Ocean, which was not as pacific as we had expected. When we went to breakfast the following morning, we were face to face with a new problem.

Since this was a Chilean boat, the menus were printed in Spanish, which we could neither speak nor read. To make things more complicated, we were served by Spanish-speaking waiters who understood no English. So began a guessing game, with our marking items on the menu, then waiting to see what would come; while the waiters tried to communicate with us by signs. When a big lobster was set before us, we knew we had guessed wrong. Before long, however, we had made a list of the names of foods we could eat and were beginning a Spanish vocabulary.

After a few days we were in Ecuador, sailing up the Guayas River to the city of Guayaquil. Again the deck rail found Belle and me leaning on it with eyes wide open, taking in all the strange sights around us. We learned that Guayaquil is famous for bananas and that our ship had stopped to get a load for Peru and Chile.

A gangplank was placed from the boat to the land. All along this, men stood passing stalks of bananas from hand to hand toward the boat. For two days and nights this human belt loaded bananas continually until the hold of the ship was filled and the deck stacked to the ceiling with hardly enough room left to promenade.

We could not go on shore because there was yellow fever in the town. Some of the passengers

were upset, fearing that infected mosquitoes might be in the bananas. But we did not hear of any cases.

Our ship lifted anchor, and we were again on our way, headed for Callao, Peru. Many new passengers had come on board our boat. Among them was Anna Pavlova and her company of dancers. The girls and two young men in the group stretched hammocks on the deck, where they sat basking in the tropical sun every day until time to retire, which, according to Anna Pavlova's orders, was 9 P.M. One young man especially attracted my attention because much of the time he sat in his hammock reading his Bible. Sometimes he read aloud to one or two of the girls who were near him. I found that he was a theological student from a college in the United States and had found employment in this dancing company as a means of seeing the world.

Our ship did not pull up to the docks at Callao, but anchored far out in the harbor. The boat hands were loading cattle by placing a wide band underneath each animal's stomach and then hoisting it onto the boat with a crane. Sometimes, apparently to amuse the passengers who were watching, they would put a rope around the cow's horns and lift it by the neck instead. The bawling and struggling upset Belle and me, so we went over to the other side of the deck and watched the little rowboats which had come to take passengers ashore.

Soon I heard someone shouting, "Willcock! Willcock!"

"Harry, someone is calling your name," Belle said wonderingly.

"Oh, no, that is not my name," I replied, but on second thought I decided that it was, and waved in the direction of the stranger. He came up the ladder and handed me a note from Curtis Varney, the secretary and treasurer of the Inca Union, which instructed me to turn our things over to the one who had called my name, and leave the ship.

We hurried to the cabin for our luggage and were soon in a little boat being rowed to shore. There we met Curtis Varney with Elder E. L. Maxwell, the president of the Inca Union Mission. After they had helped us through the customs, we started for the home of Elder Maxwell. As we walked down the dusty streets, some paved with cobblestones but others only sand, we could not help gazing at what we saw: cluttered little shops along the way, men carrying baggage here and there on their backs—even heavy trunks—and different-looking people all speaking a strange language.

First Impressions

ELDER MAXWELL'S home was in the city of Callao, on the same street as the police station—in fact, joining it on one side. The house was a two-story structure, built up to the edge of the sidewalk in front with no space left for a yard. The Maxwell family occupied the second floor. We kept hearing chickens but could not discover where they were until we made our way up the stairway which led to the top of the house.

There we found the flat roof covered with dirt and sand on which were a chicken pen, flowers, and a small garden. This reminded us of Peter, who went up on the housetop to pray. The neighboring houses were similar in appearance. When we discovered in

a neighboring dwelling a vacant upstairs apartment, we decided to rent it, for we wanted to be close to someone with whom we could talk. It took several days to clean up the place, because the last occupant had died of tuberculosis, leaving dried sputum on the floors and walls. After hours of scrubbing and redecorating all the woodwork, including the floors, we got ready to move in.

Our next need was furniture, which we got downtown. We could say, "*¿Como se vende?*" ("How do you sell this?") What a thrill it was to point to articles and use this new language skill! Directly we found a bed which we liked quite well, but decided to look further before buying. After lunch we returned to the store and, pointing to the bed, again asked, "*¿Como se vende?*"

"*Esta vendido,*" returned the shopkeeper. These were words we could not understand. He wrote them on a piece of paper, but that did not help us. I handed him money, which he refused to take. "*Esta vendido,*" he kept saying. Baffled, we returned to the home of Elder Maxwell to find out what was the trouble. There we learned that "*esta vendido*" means "it is sold." Those were Spanish words we never forgot.

We obtained a Spanish-English dictionary before trying our luck at shopping again. In most South American towns there is a big city market where

space is rented to small merchants with various kinds of wares, so we went there next. As we walked through it, looking at the different kinds of fruits and vegetables, we noticed that people kept staring at us and laughing. Wherever we went, the laughter began. Finally we found a man who could talk a little English.

"What is wrong with us? Why are people laughing?" I asked.

"Your wife is wearing a hat that indicates you are a bullfighter," he explained. "You are not dressed like one. It strikes them funny."

Belle's hat was black with a red tassel hanging over one side. When she took the tassel off, I was no longer a bullfighter, and the people quit laughing at us.

In the meat market we saw chunks of beef, pork, and what not, placed on little tables in the open air. On fences in the background perched solemn-looking buzzards that watched the scene with hungry longing. When shopping time was over, in they swooped to clean up the tables and the grounds. Needless to say, seeing this did not make a flesh diet seem any more appetizing to us.

As we began life in our own quarters, we decided we could learn the language better if we wandered out among the people each day, studying their customs and practicing new words. On one of these

trips I found some beautiful pieces of cedar wood, which I purchased and took home with me. There was enough for me to build a round dining table, a large reclining chair, an office desk, and a kitchen cabinet with a good worktable. We were so pleased with this furniture that I took pictures of it to send to our friends and relatives in the States. Little by little we were feeling quite at home, and would have been content but for certain annoying conditions that never ceased to bother us.

The house where we lived was on the same street as the jail. Belle could hardly sleep at night because of the crying and yelling of the people who were being put there. One night we saw a drunken old woman lying flat on the sidewalk, refusing to move. The guards proceeded to pick her up by her arms and legs and carry her in bodily. She was screaming all the while. These nerve-racking noises, together with the all-night parties which the people on the floor below us occasionally had, made us decide to move elsewhere.

About this time there were changes in the union personnel. Elder Maxwell returned to the United States, and Elder E. F. Peterson took his place. Also, Elder L. D. Minner arrived to be director of the Peruvian Mission, and Curtis Varney's promised wife came down to Peru, where they were married. Three families were now looking for a place to live.

We found a large house in Miraflores, the beautiful residential section of Lima. This we divided among us, with the Minners and the Wilcoxes in the two second-floor apartments and the Varneys downstairs. We were close to a bathing beach and had nice neighbors, and we were beginning to be really happy in South America.

We all studied Spanish together, practicing it on each other. Each day Belle and I continued to make trips out into the city, handing out literature, trying to talk to people, and studying their customs. We read few English papers, rather dedicating our time and efforts to learning the Spanish language and making ourselves one with the people of our adopted land.

From Precipice to Precipice

AFTER we had been in Callao for several weeks, getting settled and studying Spanish, Elder Maxwell suggested that I go with him to visit the believers in the small Indian town of Larous, tucked far away in the highlands of Peru. We left Lima at 6 A.M., traveling on a railroad leading into the lofty Andes Mountains. The fresh morning air with its cool breeze made travel enjoyable. Our train followed the scenic Rimic River through large sugar plantations and beautiful fields, gradually ascending.

When the slope grew steeper, the engine puffed and hissed as the climbing became harder and harder.

To me the pure air and changing scenery were delightful; I was completely absorbed in its grandeur. At little stations where our train stopped to take on fuel and water, women in native costume would be lined up just outside the windows, selling fruit and other kinds of food. Having passed the more level country with its large plantations, we found that the farms in the foothills were smaller and life more rural. It was a strange but interesting land.

Suddenly the mighty Andes range loomed before us, a seemingly invincible fortress which no train could cross; but man had found a way, and the locomotive of our train, belching heavy clouds of black smoke, buckled down to the task. It headed forward, then backward, forward and backward, zigzagging its way, but climbing all the while till we finally reached a more open country where we could again go straight ahead. When we pulled into a station and looked at the clock, we saw that it was noon, so with the rest of the passengers we got off the train to see what we could find for lunch.

Near the station was a row of women, apparently of Indian descent, each sitting on the ground by a large pot of food which she had prepared to sell to train passengers. All were frantically waving their hands and calling to us, inviting us to come and buy. Some were selling boiled corn on the cob, others soup, and still others beans, rice, or different

kinds of meat. Each was trying to outdo the others in attracting customers. The food did not look too inviting to us, for the pots were sitting on the ground where people walked around and stirred up the dust; but we bought some corn, beans, and rice. I was progressing in the art of becoming accustomed to situations as I found them.

After the noon meal the train moved slowly forward again, climbing higher and higher. Most of the passengers leaned back for a good rest, because the scenery had become monotonous to them. Still we passed more rugged mountains every foot we climbed, and I could not refrain from watching every turn. Soon higher mountains, with snow-capped peaks, could be seen in the distance. The view was magnificent. Trees had been left far behind, but jagged mountain walls which towered high into the air showed different colors of rock formations that were a gorgeous sight. At two o'clock in the afternoon our train reached the summit—an elevation of 15,805 feet above sea level. Many of the passengers, including myself, got out and walked around. The air was wonderfully fresh and pure, but I noticed that it was a bit hard to inhale enough to supply sufficient oxygen for the needs of the body.

The descent was more gradual. Our train made good time whirling around the curves and crossing deep gorges till, as the sun was sinking in the west-

ern sky, our engine gave a long whistle which told us we were entering the little town of Huancayo.

We were able to find a room in a small hotel near the station, but how different it was from any that I had ever seen! The mattress was a large sack filled with straw. A candle furnished the light. A pitcher of water and a washbasin, with blankets, towels, and sheets, completed the meager furnishings.

We stayed here for two days, waiting for the arrival of Indian friends to guide us through the rest of the journey. The next morning, after the sun had warmed the cool mountain air, we strolled through the village and enjoyed looking at the strange things we saw. There were narrow cobblestone streets that were rough to walk on, and others not paved at all. The city sewer was an open ditch down the middle of the street, and the offensive odor was another thing to which we had to become accustomed.

After a quiet Sabbath, on Sunday morning we visited a large market where dozens of Indians were gathered with what they had to sell. There were blankets, hats, potatoes, corn, beans, and rice stacked in front of them on the ground as they sat waiting for customers. I bought two Indian blankets to take with me on my trip and later was surely thankful, for the nights are cold in the high altitudes. The gay-colored Indian ponchos and women's skirts made the market a spectacular scene. Toward evening,



Top: It was in the doorway of this cabin that the missionary visitors slept as they were traveling to Larous. Chickens monopolized one end of the primitive hut and cow chips (for fuel) the other.

Bottom: Travelers enjoy meals along the side of the train going from Lima, Peru, to Huancayo.

drinking and dancing became the order of the day, with some Indians dancing all along the road home.

When the men who were to accompany us arrived, we were each provided with a little horse and a saddle with rope stirrups. Starting toward the small town of Larous, we found the road we must travel was only an Indian trail. Slowly we climbed higher and higher up among the mountains. Along the way we met groups of Indians, some carrying loads on their backs, others dancing and singing Indian tunes. When night fell the first evening, we found shelter under a huge rock on the bank of a mountain stream. After feeding our horses, we made our beds on the ground under the shelter of the rock. Although the night was chilly, we awoke refreshed, and after eating peanuts and French bread for breakfast were on our way quite early in the morning.

All the next day we continued to ascend, following a narrow mountain trail. The second night we stayed in a hut near the side of the road. Chickens roosted in one end of the room, and the other was stacked high with llama chips stored for fuel. Under these conditions we chose to sleep in the doorway, although we were glad for some shelter, since it was now quite cool. We had reached an altitude of about 20,000 feet. The roads were dangerous.

The following day we began our descent over an unbelievably rough road with hazardous curves

around mountain ledges. Our poor horses had to climb down rocks like stairsteps and follow narrow trails with high walls on one side and steep precipices on the other. Why they seemed to enjoy going as close as possible to the outer edge of the path, I could not understand. Each time one of my feet hung over a chasm as my horse climbed around a dangerous mountain curve, my hair practically stood on end. Once I got off and tried walking, but was more frightened than ever. Just then I looked back and saw an Indian woman coming on horseback along the trail I had passed, with both feet hanging over the precipice I had just skirted.

"You scared man!" I scolded myself. "You ought to be as brave as a woman. Get back on your horse and stay there." I did just that, but I was still frightened and uncomfortable.

Soon we came to another zigzag road leading down a mountainside. At each turn the horse still persisted in following the dangerous edge, which hung out over a rocky roaring stream hundreds of feet below. It seemed each turn found me more panicky than the one before!

Soon we could see Larous in the distance, built on an enormous landslide out of the mountain just back of it. This slide had completely covered a large mountain stream; however, the water continued to flow beneath it, merrily following its course to the

sea. The town is situated in a small but beautiful valley, and is surrounded with huge mountains on all sides.

We found the village to be inhabited largely by industrious Indian farmers, most of whom lived in town and cultivated very small farms or gardens, called *chacras*. These were located either in the narrow valleys or on the mountainsides where terraces had been graded, stairstep fashion, and filled with soil, thus forming strips of level fields.

In Larous we were welcomed to the home of a Seventh-day Adventist. Here we were received with love and kindness and given a good warm meal, which we greatly appreciated. One interesting thing was the dishes. While there, we had the privilege of eating at many different homes, even with town officials, but always found the same dishes in each place. We learned before leaving that they were owned by the community.

We were given a room with a door opening to the street, and provided with two beds made of poles suspended about two feet above the floor. Here we would have slept well had there not been a group of men, one of whom was playing a violin, who passed the house regularly throughout the night, yelling, "Away with the Adventists." This disturbed us at first, but as we thought of the many promises God had given us through His Word, fear left us,

and we were soon asleep. I was being introduced to the difficulties as well as the joys of mission work in this my first missionary journey.

Without further trouble we spent a week at Larous, holding meetings each night and visiting with the Indians and the officials of the village. The last Sunday of our stay we held a baptismal service on the edge of a beautiful mountain stream. Twelve precious souls publicly professed their faith in their Lord.

After the baptism we joined our people in a feast which they called the *Pachamanca*. They had prepared for it the evening before by heating stones, which they placed in the sand along the edge of the river. These were covered with banana leaves, on which meat was placed, then layers of potatoes and corn. All this was topped off with more leaves and covered with sand. The whole was left until the following noon.

After the *Pachamanca* we started on our homeward journey, again climbing the perilous mountain trails, then descending into Huancayo. The little town somehow looked larger and the lights brighter than they had before. Ravenously hungry, we went to the bakery, a little Indian hut with an old Dutch oven on the outside, and did we patronize it! Purchasing a loaf of bread, we ate it on the spot and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Yellow Fever Rages

AFTER Elder Maxwell and his family returned to the United States, the Inca Union was left without a president for a time. To help relieve the situation, I was assigned the task of looking after the other departments as much as possible—this in addition to visiting the churches with Elder Minner, the new director of the Peruvian Mission, and carrying on my regular responsibility of supervising the colporteur work. Belle did some teaching in the elementary school besides looking after the Sabbath school work in the mission.

Early in August of that year Elder Minner and I left Lima to visit Salaverry, Trujillo, Ascope, and other towns where there were believers. After we



Top left: A young man with a crushed hand is receiving sympathetic care from Missionary Wilcox and his assistant.

Top right: Ernesto Bergold's wife treats a boy's foot at the Frontoura Indian mission on the Araguaya River, Brazil.

Bottom: Horseback riding was about the only means of traveling over some of South America's rugged territory. The Wilcoxes ride Dan and Cruzero.

had traveled together many days, holding meetings and visiting churches, he returned home and I remained to help colporteurs.

I arranged for a horse in Pacosmayo and set off alone for Chocope, spending a wearisome day traveling through forty miles of hot, dusty desert, and arriving at the vegetation line just as the day was ending. After quite a bit of persuasion that evening, a Chinese man who owned a little store allowed me to stay at his place for the night.

I was taken to an inner room, about eight by eight feet, with no furnishings except two twelve-inch boards lying on some boxes. The only window was a small opening on one side about six by eight inches. I also noticed that a strong odor of salt pork filled the room.

"You may have this room; just make yourself at home," he said.

"Thank you," I replied, thinking that if I were too uncomfortable I would go outdoors and sleep on the ground. But when I tried to do this, I found that the door was locked on the outside, and no amount of knocking could make anyone hear. Though I had no bedding, I lay down on the boards, after tightening my clothes around my hands and feet, and went to sleep. I remained asleep until the light of a new day peeked through my little window. When I looked down at my hands, I was at first

puzzled by their strange blue color. Then I realized my tight underwear and other clothing had protected my body quite well, but my exposed hands and wrists had become blue and queer-looking from fleabites.

Soon the Chinese man opened my door, and I was once more in the fresh, cool air of the upper altitudes. My horse climbed mountains all day while I read to him from *Ramsey's Spanish Grammar* and my Spanish Bible. Night overtook me before I came in sight of the little town of Chocope.

Being alone on mountain roads on a dark night is not good, and as I rode along I wondered if I would make it or if my horse would miss his footing and slide off into a chasm. As I went over a little hill, I saw the lights of a town, still higher than I was. I thanked God and took courage, for I had been wondering just how far I was from any human habitation. The words of Jesus in Matthew 5:14 came to my mind: "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."

How true that is, I was thinking. Here was this little city with its lights shining to let weary travelers like me know that their journey was almost over and rest was not far distant. "Ye are the light of the world" kept sounding in my ears, impressing me anew with the importance of letting my light shine for God in this distant corner of the earth.

Soon I located Brother Balbueno, the faithful colporteur of Chocope, and listened to his experiences. Some were good, but some were bitter and trying. From one little town farther on, it had been necessary for him to escape by night because of danger to his life. It was not easy to keep the light of truth burning in these interior towns, where there was not only much opposition to any outside religion but also persecution.

After a few days of trying to help and encourage Brother Balbueno, I started back across the desert to Pacasmayo, where I planned to visit another colporteur. Looking ahead in the midst of that flat, dry wasteland, I saw two men approaching on foot. Their appearance was not reassuring. However, I rode straight ahead, for I did not care to get off the road too far, nor did I want to appear frightened. As I was passing, one suddenly grabbed at the bridle of my horse while the other headed toward me. I breathed a prayer to God and spurred my animal sharply, causing him to give a big lunge which freed me from those men who apparently were intent on doing me harm. Dashing away on my horse in escape, I earnestly thanked God for again proving His promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence." Psalm 91:5, 3.

When I had finished visiting colporteurs in northern Peru, I headed for Ecuador, taking a boat to Guayaquil. After holding one night meeting with the members there, I left on the train for Quito, the capital. As it is the custom in these countries to stop for the night, darkness found us in the small mountain town of Roiobamba. Its inhabitants are largely Indians, living isolated from modern civilization and breathing the good fresh mountain air.

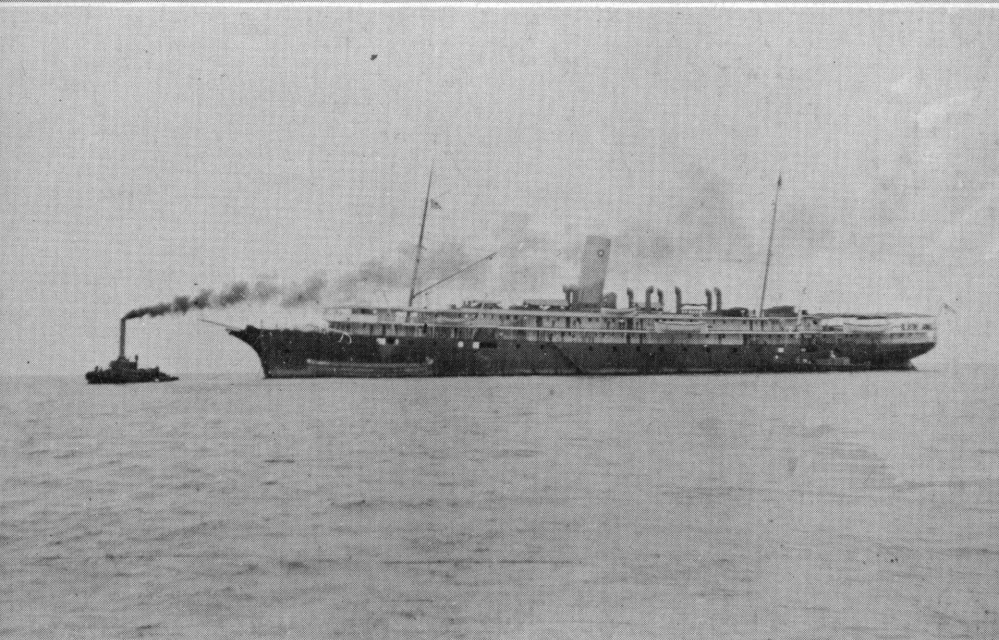
The next day we were at one time in sight of lofty Mount Chimborazo, and later in the afternoon we passed Mount Cotopaxi, belching fire and smoke from its crater. This is one of the highest active volcanoes in the world, and on different occasions it has been a very destructive one.

Elder John Lorenz, director of the Ecuadorian Mission, met me in Quito and made me welcome in his home. Here I became acquainted with more new customs, some good and some not so good. The center of the city is laid out around a square, with a Catholic church on one side opposite the offices of the government officials, which are across the square. Shops and stores occupy the other two sides. Archways form entrances to the city on three sides, and the streets that are paved are cobblestone. Although Quito is located practically on the equator, it has a good climate because of its altitude and invigorating mountain air.

Wandering along a side street one day, I met two Indians who startled me by pulling a shrunken head from under a poncho and offering it to me for sale. I had no use for the dried-out, loathsome thing with its uncanny features too well preserved, nor any money to buy with. I had heard that head-hunters still existed in the upper Amazon Valley, but this was the first evidence I had seen to prove it. I have since visited a number of well-to-do homes where one of these shrunken heads was displayed as a living-room ornament!

When I returned to Guayaquil, I found an epidemic of yellow fever raging. People were staying away from public places at night, and those who ventured out on the streets had tissue paper wrapped around their ankles and wrists to protect them from mosquito bites.

I had been away from home a long time and was very anxious to return. When the first boat would not accept passengers, I hurried down to the offices to try to arrange for travel on another boat. I found that besides the regular fare I would have to deposit two pounds as a quarantine fee; there was an additional charge of twenty pounds, to be returned at the end of the journey if we were not put in quarantine or if we did not break the quarantine by leaving the ship. At that time a pound was worth about five dollars. Since I did not have that much



Top: Many houses are built on stilts in Ecuador in the vicinity of Guayaquil. This is also true of the Amazon River banks.

Bottom: A ten-day yellow fever quarantine kept E. H. Wilcox on this ship in Callao harbor in 1918, after he had been away from home for three months.

money, it was necessary for me to wire the office in Lima.

While waiting, I continued to visit the church members and hold meetings with them. Finally, just a day before the ship was to arrive, the money came from Lima.

Early the next morning I took my baggage to the fumigation station. Departure was at three o'clock, so I returned to the city for lunch and was back promptly at one. I was concerned when the men in charge informed me that they had not yet cared for my things.

"We are terribly busy," one of them told me, "and since you did not bring your baggage here yesterday, we may not be able to care for it in time for you to board the boat before three o'clock."

The thought of missing another ship was almost more than I could bear. "Please try to get it ready," I pleaded. "Nobody told me to have it here yesterday."

"Well, you did not get it here in time, and we are not to blame," was the reply. Distraught, I turned to leave, not knowing what else to do. Just then a man accosted me, saying, "Give me two dollars, and I will see that your baggage gets through."

I quickly handed him the money.

"Come back in half an hour, and your things will be ready," he promised me. This I did, and

found big posters pasted on all sides of my suitcases—"Fumigated."

I lost no time getting on the boat. As each passenger came on board, he was handed a fever thermometer with instructions to put it under his arm and hold it tight. One man who knew he had a temperature did not bring his arm down tightly and so got by, but in a day or two it was apparent that he had yellow fever. This put our ship in quarantine all the way down to Callao, and when it reached the harbor there, no passengers were permitted to disembark.

Three days were spent constructing a suitable cage in which to move the sick man from the ship, and five more days elapsed before we could go ashore. This was trying for both Belle and me. One day the newspaper stated that another man had come down with yellow fever, which would mean extended quarantine. I had been away from home for three months and was beginning to feel very disheartened when I thought of further delays. Looking across the bay, I could see our house, and Belle kept an almost constant watch of our anchored boat. We were so near and yet so far.

A comical situation aboard ship helped to relieve the tedium. The wife of a young man on board presented him with a baby while we waited in the harbor. Their canary hatched some baby birds. The

dog followed by giving birth to a litter of pups. Solicitous passengers formed the habit of calling at his cabin to see if there were further developments, and the proud father had to endure no end of ribbing and laughter.

Most of this idle time I spent reading and studying Spanish. I was able to finish my Spanish Bible besides doing a lot of intensive study in my Spanish grammar. I tried to make my wait profitable as I trusted God to work things out. The rumors of more cases on board ship proved false. It was a glad day when the quarantine flag was lowered and the passengers were again lined up to have their temperatures taken.

Belle was at the pier, and what a happy meeting it was!

To Lake Titicaca in the Footsteps of F. A. Stahl

WHEN Elder F. A. Stahl was called to pioneer missions among the savages of the upper Amazon, Belle and I were invited to take over the work he had so ably carried on in the Lake Titicaca field. We were almost overwhelmed when we thought of this assignment. It would be hard enough to follow such a well-known leader, but in addition to this we were asked to reorganize the mission and put it on a more self-supporting basis. In the beginning of our work among the Indians around Lake Titicaca, medicines, schools, and other services were furnished, being paid for from mission funds.



Top: Lake Titicaca, highest lake in the world, is 12,545 feet above sea level and is 120 miles long. In places it is nearly 1,000 feet in depth.

Bottom: Puno, Peru, is located on the shores of Lake Titicaca.

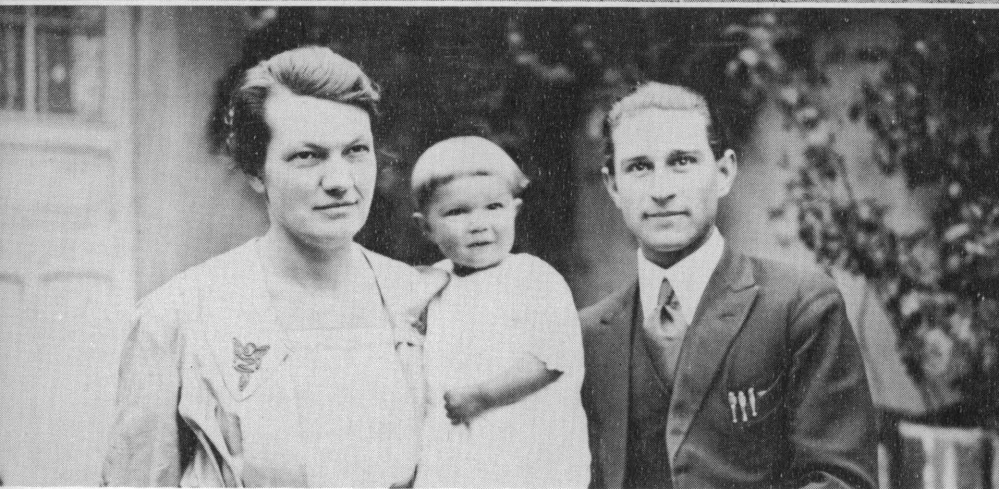
Now that at least thirty schools were in operation, with crowds coming for medical aid, the mission board felt that enough money should be raised among the Indians to pay the native teachers and to take care of the cost of medicines. Of course, the amounts involved were not large. For example, a teacher could be employed for ten dollars a month. But the Indians did not have much money. The mission directors agreed to the new program on condition that I would go to the stations and put the plan across in each school. This meant real work. If that was what I wanted when I came to South America as a missionary, I found plenty of it in the years ahead.

We moved our household goods to Puno, Peru, where our headquarters were located on the shores of Lake Titicaca. The place we occupied was an adobe structure, built around a courtyard, or patio, similar to the other homes in that area. On one side of the inner courtyard were the mission offices, and on the other, directly opposite, was the chapel for Sabbath services. Our quarters joined the patio on the back side of the square. The courtyard was an excellent place for the Indians to wait when they came to see the director or desired medical services. Elder Stahl, who had used these same quarters, stayed with us for several days, instructing us in methods of work before leaving for his new field.

Sore eyes was a common complaint among the Indians, probably because their houses were low, with few openings for smoke from open fires used for cooking. Elder Stahl had devised a method of treatment which seemed to bring a measure of comfort and relief to the many with pus-filled eyes who came to him for help. He began by making a large bucketful of boric acid solution. Then he lined up all his prospective patients in a row and went along with a hand syringe, shooting the solution into their eyes. While the medication helped, the washing also did good, and the psychological effect was excellent. The Indians went away pleased and satisfied.

One of his important tasks was pulling teeth. He could accomplish this with an ease that suggested he did it as a pastime. However, when he tried to teach me the art, it was a different story. Though I listened carefully, I was far from sure about what I could do. After Elder Stahl left, Belle and I both felt lonely and inadequate for the work ahead of us.

The very next day an Indian came wanting a tooth pulled. I endeavored to follow to the letter the instructions I had received. Bracing myself, I cut around the tooth, pushed the forceps down deep around it, braced myself again, and then gave a heave. Out came two teeth instead of one! The man was not pleased; neither was I. My hard pull had knocked out the tooth above the one I was work-



Top: Indians, happy over the prospect of a new school, make adobe block for the new training school at Juliaca, Peru.

Middle: The first doctor to serve the Lake Titicaca Mission, Dr. Theron Johnson was appointed head of the Juliaca Clinic.

Bottom: Indian girls make soup for those working on the new training school buildings. Groups of up to one hundred came from different mission stations to work for a week at a time.

ing on. Since I never had that happen to me again, I must have braced myself one time too many, for that was the only detail I could remember slipping up on in the directions Elder Stahl had given me.

After this first unfortunate affair, I pulled many teeth successfully; in fact, my dental work became part of my regular routine. As the Indians chewed enough coca leaves to somewhat deaden their mouths to pain, it took a really bad tooth to bother them. An extraction—even the kind I did—was not a particularly excruciating experience. (Cocaine, which is used extensively by dentists in the United States, is a product of the coca leaf.)

While I was learning to practice a simple sort of dentistry, Belle found herself being the mission doctor at the house. Indians suffering from all kinds of ailments presented themselves in our courtyard, saying in pleading tones, "*Hermana* [sister], please help us." She used endless big jars of salves and antiseptic solutions and washed countless sores, but much of her work was simply giving sympathy and comfort. Many times she accompanied me, riding on horseback most of the night to reach someone who was suffering. We could use only simple treatments, but God blessed our efforts.

Since she was so busy with these duties, Belle employed an Indian girl to assist with her housework. The training of this helper began with a lesson

in bodily cleanliness and the care of her beautiful hair. When she was brought to the kitchen, she began her work as cook by frying potatoes. Heating the oil was a simple task, but preparing the potatoes and putting them into the pan was more complicated, requiring some help from my wife.

When the potatoes were finished and put into a dish, the Indian girl was greatly puzzled about what to do with the grease left in the skillet. Finally she settled the matter by dumping it on the floor. Returning, Belle saw the greasy spot and asked, "What has happened? Where did that come from?"

"Isn't that where you put it?" the girl replied. "I didn't know what else to do with it."

"No, child, we don't put it there," Belle answered, not having anticipated an action like that.

So her work of teaching the simplest tasks continued. The Indians who lived in the country were not used to our ways of cooking and keeping house. Most of their food was prepared in earthenware pots over open fires. They were astonished as well as puzzled by the utensils in our kitchen.

Every day that went by saw our Indian housekeeper learning more about our ways. When she left us after nine months, we truly missed her. Belle next employed a boy whose principal virtue was his ability to speak both the Quechua and Aymara languages in addition to Spanish. This made him

a real asset to us in dealing with the Indians, for neither Belle nor I could say more than a few words in their dialects.

This boy had one great drawback, however—his aversion to washing dishes. He would get a severe stomach-ache at that time of day and double up with pain. At first Belle thought he was actually sick and had pity on him, treating him in various ways without much success. In time she discerned that there was nothing wrong with his stomach at all and was able to persuade him to stop having cramps. He developed into a good houseboy. The person who stayed with us the longest was a girl who also could speak all three languages and was an excellent housekeeper as well. Her help made both Belle and me more efficient in our work for the mission.

Another domestic problem was getting used to traveling on the mission mule—a tricky, hard-riding creature named Samson. One morning when I was visiting the Plateria Mission Station, a young Canadian missionary named Borrowdale seemed exercised about getting the new workers accustomed to this feat. He rode well himself in the dignified English fashion, holding his back straight and the reins tight. As he always had a good horse, he cut quite a dashing figure when mounted.

That morning he was determined that another young man who was with us should begin the work

of acquainting Samson with his new masters. We all went to the corral while Brother Borrowdale gave instructions in some detail.

"Be sure to spur him only on the right side," he said soberly, "and don't forget to hold the reins tight."

Hopefully our young friend took hold of the reins, swung himself onto Samson's back, kicked him on the right side with the spur, and then came right off again in a hurry.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized Brother Borrowdale politely when he could stop laughing long enough to speak. "I made a mistake. I told you the wrong side. You should have kicked him on the left side." The fact was that one had better be careful when kicking that mule on either side.

Samson had another trick of bracing both front feet and stopping suddenly, letting his rider go right over his head. It was important to hold his reins tight all the time, I found. Without doubt he was the hardest-riding animal I have ever sat upon; no one could develop internal adhesions while using him as a means of transportation. I wore out two pairs of pants the first trip I made on his unlucky back.

While I was thinking about how I could travel over so much rough country and make such long trips over the pampas, I met a man from Chile with riding horses to sell. I bought two, one for Belle and

one for myself. Dan, Belle's mount, was an unusually easy-riding bay; Cruzero, his mate, was a light sorrel. Pacing with an easy gait, they could cover forty or fifty miles a day on reasonably smooth trails. We enjoyed riding them, and they seemed to like us.

My responsibilities included visiting the different mission stations in the Lake Titicaca area, planning work with the directors, and trying to help when problems arose—which they often did. Obtaining suitable food for the families of our faithful missionaries was not an easy task in this cold, sterile-looking country. We shipped vegetables into Puno and sent them out to the various families, though this was a difficult thing to do; the roads were just narrow trails, and all travel was by horseback or on foot, with dangers lurking on every hand. But God was good, and there were many striking evidences of His care for His children.

When I first took charge in this field, the administrative work was rather informal, and all the mission directors belonged to the executive committee. The first council meeting I attended found all the men seated around a table, with their wives in chairs just behind them, ready to pull their coattails if they spoke too long or out of turn. Doubtless many committee meetings would be less boring if that practice were generally followed.

As our work grew, a mission committee of seven was chosen from among the directors, with its membership changing from time to time to give different workers an opportunity to share in the responsibility. The missionary wives almost always came with their husbands to these meetings, because the trip made a welcome change in the routine of their lives, and also for the simple reason that it was usually not safe for them to stay alone at their stations. The social life we had in the mission field was provided for largely by these get-togethers and by the trips we took to see the various mission families.

Belle Gets a Detective

THE romance that hovers around the idea of mission life quickly disappears when the missionary arrives in his field. His wife, who until now has been buoyed up by the thought of self-sacrificing service in a foreign land, finds herself so busy adjusting to new and trying situations that she has neither the time nor the mood for feeling uplifted. In the earlier days of our mission work the situation was more perplexing, and there are still those on the frontier line who must battle against great odds.

Before me as I write is a letter from a young man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hall, from Walla Walla College, who worked with me for a while in the northwestern part of the United States.

They are now in the small and distant country of Laos, just across from Communist China, where they are pioneering the work and facing many difficulties.

When they arrived in their field, they rented an upstairs room just above a restaurant. A river close by furnished drinking water as well as a place to wash their clothes and take baths. Though they tried to take precautions, they have had some sickness, but are now well and feeling fit again. Elder Hall tries to make openings for proclaiming our message by visiting the sick. He must often travel on foot when he makes these trips. One day a man gave him four eggs, which his wife placed under the stove. When they looked for them the next day, they had all hatched.

But they are of good courage. Sister Hall writes, "We don't really meet with dangers and hardships; the people here are good and really friendly, the food is satisfactory, and the weather is nice." She has the true missionary spirit, the kind a missionary's wife must have if she is to be a real help in the mission field. Instead of being overcome by difficulties, she is overcoming them.

A missionary's wife must learn to truly love the people among whom she lives. Love will solve many problems and turn disagreeable situations into opportunities for saving souls. The more she associates with the women of the community, the more she will

understand their needs and be able to give loving sympathy when they are in distress. She will have to forget her homeland and learn to enjoy the people where she is working.

Missionaries who go to undeveloped lands find poor modes of travel. Often the husband must be away from home for months at a time, leaving the wife alone. If she spends the days brooding and pitying herself, time will pass slowly, and her work will seem like drudgery. Belle found that she was much happier when she filled her days with visiting the sick and the needy and helping carry responsibilities in the Sabbath school and church.

Sometimes she had to meet trying situations. She especially remembers an incident which occurred when we were living on the first floor of a house in which the union conference offices occupied the second floor. Sums of money were kept in the safe at times, which made the situation more trying than living in a private home.

While I was away on a long trip, her close neighbors also went away for a vacation. She felt a bit apprehensive, but slept very well the first night they were gone. In the morning a young man startled her by appearing at the door wearing a torn and bloody shirt.

"Someone poured gasoline on the hedge in front of the house," he said excitedly. "I saw him strike

a match to it. When I rushed over to put it out, he tried to beat me up."

This story did not lend itself to calm, untroubled nerves. A young woman friend volunteered to stay with Belle the next night and continued with her for some time. On the second night after the fire, they were startled by someone throwing sticks of wood against the house and into the upstairs window. She called to a neighbor to go upstairs and find out what was going on. He reported that he saw no one. Everything was quiet until morning, but no one slept.

The next day she sought help from the local police, but was informed that they had no one to spare and could not assist her. She felt desperate. It seemed impossible to spend another night in a house someone was trying to rob; yet she did not feel free to abandon the conference property. As a last resort she went to the American consul, who sent a detective at once. He soon discovered the "thought-to-be" thief, whose aim was probably to frighten Belle enough to cause her to leave the house unguarded. Soon everything was under control. She still felt a bit uncomfortable when evening came on, but remembered the promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psalm 34:7.

When a child in the missionary's family becomes ill, it is easy for the mother to be discouraged and

upset. In the isolated places of the earth, medical help is often far away. It is hard to watch a little one steadily grow worse without being able to do anything to stay the course of the disease. Perhaps the husband and father is away from home on a very important mission. His wife, appreciating his problems, hardly knows what to do. Finally, as the child changes again for the worse, after a prayer to God for wisdom, she summons the father to the bedside. Together they watch over their little one until, in the darkest hours of the night, death takes it away. A lonely grave is added to the list of missionary graves in foreign lands. The mother's heart is torn with sorrow, but she cannot brood over her loss. Even in the homeland children die; she must not blame God for sending her and her husband away from home to carry on His work. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Psalm 34:19. With God's help the bereaved missionary mother must take a deeper interest than ever in her service for others.

The rosy cheeks of the missionary wife may fade as the years of trial and hardship pass by, but her love for her husband, her family, her church, her community, and the people for whom Christ died need never wane. Her hair may become touched with silver, but "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." (Proverbs

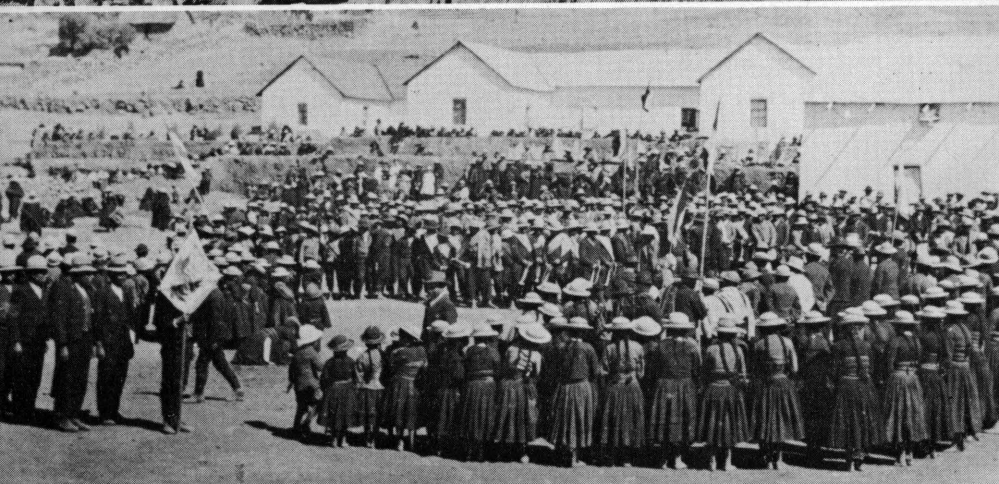
16:31.) "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Proverbs 31:26-28.

In eternity there will be many wives of missionaries who will take their places at the side of their husbands when Jesus Himself will reward His faithful servants for their labor.

Lost in the Darkness

AFTER I had been in the Lake Titicaca Mission for several weeks, becoming acquainted with the office and studying the needs of the field, I felt that my next duty was to lay plans for putting the Indian schools on a self-supporting basis as the mission board had recommended. Since my associates and I were convinced that we could reach the native people through Christian education more effectively than by any other means, we were interested in keeping all the schools Elder Stahl had started and in establishing more.

We planned to have seven months of schoolwork in the local districts each year. After this the teachers would be brought in to some central point for



Top: Chief Romoaldo and his family, pictured in the Lake Titicaca region in Peru, appeal for a school.

Middle: Visiting Indian schools in the Lake Titicaca region always brought inspiration.

Bottom: Schools proved to be a real asset in telling the natives of Christ and equipping them to more effectively meet life's problems.

five months and instructed both in methods of teaching and in the subject matter of the grades they were planning to teach. As there were no opportunities for Indians living outside the cities to obtain even the rudiments of reading or arithmetic, our schools always began with all the pupils taking the first grade, even the grown men.

In order to provide enough teachers to answer the calls which came to us, we invited young Indian men of good Christian character and with aptitude for leadership to attend our summer schools. Experience showed that they were successful in teaching the things they had learned and could handle a higher grade each year. It was some time before we had an eighth-grade graduate among our teachers, but hundreds of Indians learned to read and write simple Spanish during that period. In addition, they became followers of Jesus and reformed the wicked practices of their lives.

During the summer vacation I visited each school which had already been established and explained the plan of charging tuition for each student. We began by charging, as I remember, two sols (one dollar) a school term for each pupil. That might seem very low, but to the Indians it meant ten days' work; hence by them it was considered high. This, or any amount of money, would be hard for them to get, so I carefully explained different ways by

which they might earn it. They could raise corn, potatoes, barley, chickens, or a sheep, which might be sold to the mission station for cash if they could not dispose of it in any other way. I emphasized the thought that good things cost money; some cows cost more than other cows, and the same with sheep. "A Christian education is of more value than cows or sheep," I told them, "for an animal can be stolen or might die, but an education stays with a person throughout his entire life. Above all, attending a Christian school makes it possible to read the Bible and prepare for living with Jesus in the earth made new."

While I talked, I watched my audience closely, for the success of our mission endeavor depended on how this new idea was accepted. When Indians are favorable to what is being presented, they begin making comments to each other; but if they are not interested, they sit expressionless as stones or grumble and complain as some of them did, saying, "Before you came, we did not have to pay; now you want to charge for everything, even medicine and pulling teeth."

I tried to close my ears to these criticisms, continuing to explain that in the end all would see the value of the plan because we prize most what we pay for. God helped, for nearly everyone entered into the new arrangement wholeheartedly, and

sooner than any of us expected were making plans to raise the necessary funds.

The hardest part of the assignment of visiting schools to acquaint them with the new method of support was the travel involved. We spent long hours in the saddle as we rode over the pampas from place to place; but the real problem came when we had to follow trails over dangerous passes, some of them at least 20,000 feet above sea level.

At one time near the end of the summer, Elder W. F. Miller, director of the Plateria Mission Station, the mission boy, and I were high up in the Andes. We had visited our last school and were on our way home. Quite a bit of snow had fallen during the day, slowing us enough that by nightfall we were still far from our destination. Since there was rough traveling ahead, we decided to spend the night somewhere along the road. We were disappointed at first because we could find no one with enough room to give us shelter, and it was after dark before a friendly Indian invited us into his home.

A cool mountain breeze was blowing, and we were cold, tired, and damp from the melting snow. Our host built a fire with dry llama chips in the middle of the room and offered us some hot *chunu* soup, for which favors we were thankful. Shortly after we had eaten, we were told we could have the bed in the corner of the room—a raised platform

of dirt and stone. A cowhide was given us for an innerspring mattress.

Lying down in our clothes with our ponchos for a cover, the three of us tried to go to sleep, but Indians kept coming in. After talking to us for a few minutes, they would curl up on the floor or sit upright in a corner, as they often do when they want to sleep. Soon there were fifteen people besides ourselves in the little room nine by fourteen feet. When the last one had entered, he closed the door. Soon the room was full of smoke, and the odor of so many unwashed bodies made the stuffy air intolerable. I got up and opened the door a little, but as soon as I was back in bed, an Indian closed it. After a little while Elder Miller quietly tried his luck at opening the door again, with the same results. Sleep, or even rest, seemed impossible for us.

At midnight I rolled over and said to Elder Miller, "I would rather die out in the open air than be smothered in this place. Let's saddle our horses and move on."

He agreed with me—a decision we later questioned. When we started out, the snow was mostly gone, though the night was still cold. The moon was sinking in the west, but we could see the dim trail we were to follow. Directly we came to a river. In the darkness we could not tell how deep it was, but we rode in anyhow. Upon reaching the opposite side,

relieved because we had crossed without difficulty, we discovered that we had lost the trail.

Hunting about for some time, we finally located it and were able to continue, crossing the same stream two more times without further trouble. By then the moon had gone down, and dark clouds came up, covering the sky. It was so dark we could scarcely see the horse ahead, and when we had to cross the river again, we were hopelessly lost. Our matches were gone, and we had no means of seeing anything in the inky blackness.

All we could do was crawl around on our hands and knees, feeling the ground in an effort to locate the trail. When we did discover it and again started on our journey, however, the situation became still more trying, for we could not see each other at all. We would have been separated had we not continued to talk and call as our horses slowly felt their way along. We gave them the reins and trusted God to guide them.

When we sensed that we were beginning to descend, we knew we were going around curves and rocky places skirted by precipices because we could hear the roaring water below. A little after four o'clock dawn began to break, relieving our anxiety, and by noon we were at the Plateria Mission Station, with Sister Miller serving us a hot meal. Words could not express my happiness at being that near

home and finding Belle also, as she had been visiting with Sister Miller for a few days.

While on this trip I learned to appreciate good Indian hospitality, even the *chupe walley moxa* Indian soup. I found that the more I ate of it, the more my hosts seemed to appreciate my being in their home. When we were visiting a family and soup was ready, the mission boy and I were expected to eat in the living room. A box with some kind of cloth spread over it was placed for a table, and we sat on the adobe seat built along the wall. The man of the house would bring in two large plates of soup and then disappear, slipping back in now and then to see if our plates were empty. When I could eat three dishes, I would hear him and his wife laughing and having a good time about it.

Never in my life did I drink so much hot milk or so many kinds as I did while I lived among the Indians. I was given cow's milk, goat's milk, sheep's milk, and how many other kinds I do not know. I was afraid to ask its nature when I could see no cow, sheep, or goat about the place, but could see other animals, such as a mare or a dog, with nursing young. There was one thing I could be sure about: the Indian was doing his best to serve us well. I found the Indians to be a fine people, desirous of doing everything possible to please. Those who attended our schools had separated themselves from

drunkenness, chewing the coca leaf, stealing, and other present-day vices. Hundreds of them were becoming interested in living godly Christian lives, being better citizens, and getting an education.

Belle and I were happy to have a part in the great work God was doing for these people. Going back to Puno, we had the pleasure of riding along together, recounting our many blessings and thanking the Lord for the way He had led us. It indeed was a wonderful privilege to be a missionary. Hardships were forgotten, and the joy of seeing souls transformed and prepared for the coming of our blessed Saviour overwhelmed us. We dedicated our lives anew to God for service. It was also good to realize again the long-cherished expectation of being home once more.

Pizarro and His Roomful of Gold

MANY interesting legends exist concerning the origin of the Inca Indians of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador. According to these legends, Manco Capac, the first Inca and emperor, was a true child of the sun and fell from the sun, landing on the island of the sun in Lake Titicaca. There I saw the mammoth footprints in solid rock which the Indians believe were made as he landed. I was also shown an old stone table that is reputed to have belonged to this ancient race, and a beautiful fountain of crystal water, called the Fountain of the Inca. The legends tell about Mama Ollha, who fell along with

Manco Capac and taught the women to weave, make clothes, and care for the sheep, while he instructed the men how to be industrious and to fight.

The Incas terraced the land far up the sides of the mountains and succeeded in turning water for irrigation through ditches to their little fields. History records the building of good roads from Quito in Ecuador through the highlands of Peru and Bolivia to the seacoast. Runners were stationed at intervals all along this highway to carry messages throughout the empire. By this means, it is said, the Inca, or ruling chief, could have fresh fish from the coast to eat each day.

The Incas, a name applied to the people as well as the members of the ruling family, were also skilled in masonry. They left marvelous specimens of stone-cutting and stonelaying. The Throne of the Inca, from which he judged his people, and the many seats cut in solid rock nearby are examples of their work. The peculiar thing about the seats is that they appear to have been made by cutting the design with a knife and lifting the part not wanted out of the solid stone.

Many Indians told me that the Incas had a secret way of making the rock soft and that the seats were indeed cut out with a knife, but that after this softening the stone became hard again. Since they would not give away the secret, no one today knows how



Top: The Table of the Inca as seen on the Island of the Sun, Lake Titicaca.

Bottom: What appear to be little rocks are actually potatoes, which will be dehydrated by natives so they can be kept a long time.
Elder W. F. Miller is at the right.

it was done. Wonderful skill is also shown in the way these ancient people put stones together. Some are the same size and placed on top of one another, making the beautiful walls found in the streets of Cuzco. In other instances each stone has a different size and shape, every angle and corner fitting perfectly. They are laid together without mortar, yet after hundreds of years they still stand. One stone I noticed had ten different stones fitted onto it in many different shapes and angles, but the wall remained solid, demonstrating wonderful skill in stonecutting and fitting.

The Temple of the Sun is another marvelous example of the Incas' ability to do master craftsmanship. In it there are many rooms of various shapes with beautiful, straight walls and corners. It was constructed, as its name indicates, for the purpose of sun worship. One large room contained a disc of gold located in such a way as to catch the first rays of the morning sun, reflecting them in all directions. Here the people came to worship in the early morning just at sunrise. A vast system of priests served in this temple and were influential in the affairs of the Inca Empire.

Still found in certain places are many chullpas, or graves, of Inca royalty. Some of these are of excellent masonry, masterfully carved, and as much as thirty feet high. At the time of the Spanish conquest

these tombs were opened, gold and other valuables were taken from them, and some were completely torn down.

Pizarro and his Spanish soldiers entered the domain of this interesting and industrious people and took Atahualpa, the ruling Inca, prisoner. It is said the Spaniards offered to release him if his people would fill a room twelve by twenty feet full of gold up to a mark eight feet high on the wall. Gold was taken from their brilliant temple, from the decorated chullpas, and from every other place that it could be found in order to comply with this unjust request. Some authorities estimate that the gold thus collected was worth at least eight million dollars. Fearing to release Atahualpa, Pizarro treacherously executed him, his wife choosing to share his doom. Thus the riches of the Inca Empire passed into the hands of the invaders, whose galleons carried much of the gold back to Spain.

The story of the Inca Indians after these events is a sad one. With their ruler gone they were helpless, discouraged, and unable to organize for their own defense. At times they were enslaved by the Spaniards. Later they lived in their mountain valleys, a hard, poverty-stricken existence without the protection of laws or the kindly regard or respect of their neighbors of European or mixed blood. If an Indian was killed, no one felt responsible for in-

quiring into the cause of his death or for bringing his murderer to justice. There was no appeal when powerful neighbors cheated him or robbed him of his lands and other meager belongings. Downtrodden and without hope, these children of a proud race lived on, virtually forgotten by the outside world.

In 1910 Elder F. A. Stahl, with his wife and family, began doing active missionary work among these Indians. Sister Stahl started a school, which represented one of the first efforts to give educational advantages to this neglected people. At first many were afraid, and only a few came; but little by little this fear disappeared, and more and more attended. Such schools, whose pupils included grown men and women, taught reading, arithmetic, Bible verses, songs, and the worship of God. Soon there was such a demand that the need for teachers had to be met by selecting mature, apt pupils from the Indians themselves and training them to establish other schools, until there were about thirty in all.

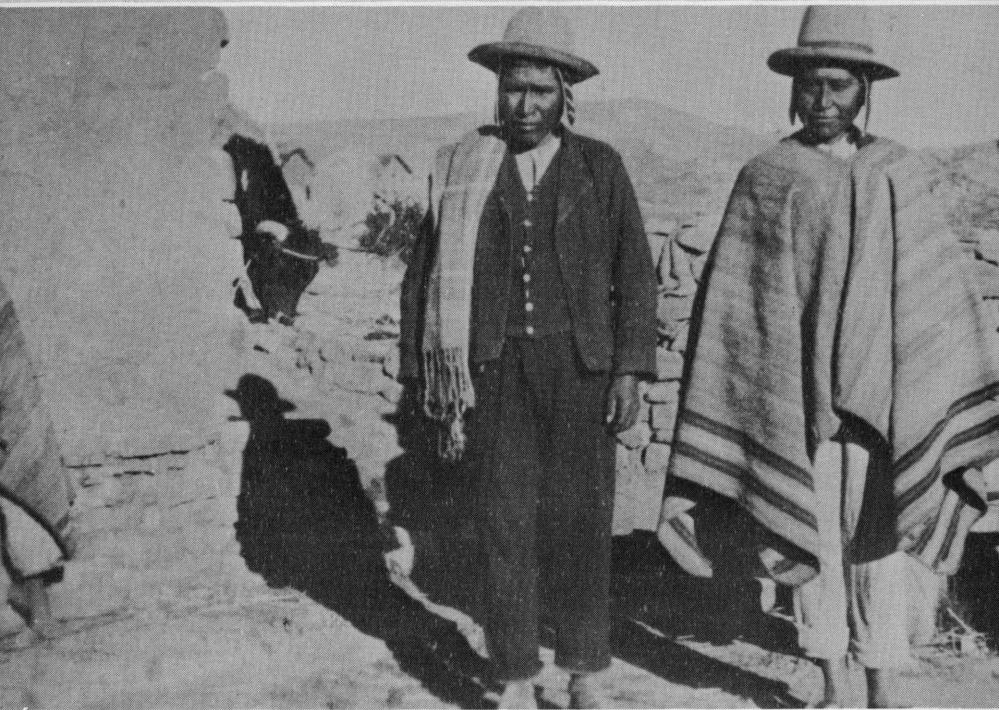
Elder Stahl was a fearless man, facing dangers courageously while he went from place to place in this isolated country telling the story of salvation. The hearts of many Indians were touched by this message of hope and courage, and they gladly followed Jesus, becoming faithful members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Few doctors were available to anyone in this land, and none to the

Indians; so Elder Stahl, in addition to traveling and preaching, treated the sick and suffering whom he met on every hand. Rightfully he won for himself the title "Apostle to the Indians." The lasting foundation he established for our work in that part of South America was the one upon which we were privileged to build.

In this area are two principal Indian tribes, the Quechuas and the Aymaras, who are very similar in appearance and personal habits, though their languages are somewhat different. While many of them profess no God and are steeped in vice as they cling to their old heathen customs, others are nominally connected with the Roman Catholic Church. They love to sing and dance in spite of their gloomy, bare adobe huts and their constant struggle for food and clothing.

Indeed, as we worked with these people, we found them warmhearted and appreciative of every effort made to help them become better citizens and better Christians. They responded marvelously to justice and kind treatment mixed with heavenly love. Dark skins and different dress and customs were accompanied by self-sacrificing human hearts and stable Christian characters. We felt honored to call them friends and brethren.

Their peculiar dress was one of the first things we noticed. Their clothing is made of hand-spun and



Top: Many of the native women in South America are skilled in spinning and weaving.

Bottom: Native dress is always interesting and colorful.

hand-woven wool from sheep, or from the alpaca or vicuña—native South American animals. It is not unusual to meet Indians spinning thread on little hand contrivances as they travel over the rough mountain trails. After the thread is spun, it is woven on homemade hand looms into a coarse cloth and dyed various shades. At the time we were in Peru, the Indians could obtain German dyes and liked to make their clothes colorful.

The men wore outfits which were really two separate suits with the seamy sides turned together. One side was gray, and the other was blue. When they worked, they wore the gray side out; but when they went to the city or to church, they appeared in the blue. Over this suit, in severe weather, was worn a poncho, which was a hand-woven blanket with a hole in the center through which the head protruded. A hand-woven homemade hat completed this interesting costume. Shoes were often made of cowhide, with the hair left on and fastened with strips of hide.

The women liked to wear many skirts of different colors, all hand-woven wool and so arranged that the colors showed around their waists. Blue shawls and hand-woven hats finished their costumes. When they danced, it was truly a colorful sight.

The men and women both worked at farming, which in their case consisted mostly of raising some runty-looking potatoes and a little barley. A few

beans were produced in certain localities. To prepare the potatoes for use, they spread them out on the ground to freeze during the cold night. The next day, under the heat of the sun, someone tramped them with his bare feet to get the moisture out. This process was repeated until they were dark in color, almost as hard as stone, and tasteless to foreigners but greatly prized by the Indians. A little milk and meat from their domestic animals and an occasional egg completed their diet.

Here I should tell about the soup called *chupe walley moxa* (meaning "very good soup"), which I will refer to occasionally. It could be made in an earthenware pot when a better one was not available, and consisted of dehydrated potatoes, called *chunus*, boiled with chunks of mutton and sometimes seasoned with a native herb which I did not particularly like. This soup is a staple among the Indians and is very much relished by them.

All the houses were built of sun-dried adobe brick, with a sort of thatched roof, and the windows were usually only holes in the wall. The floor was dirt, sometimes covered with a hard clay, and furnishings were the simplest imaginable, often being only an old wooden box for a table and an open fire for a stove. Some houses provided in one end of the room a bed or raised platform made from a mixture of rock and clay. The bedclothes consisted of an

animal skin, usually cow or sheep. When staying with the Indians in new districts, we preferred cow-hide because it did not harbor so many body lice.

The cooking utensils were an earthen pot to hold water; a kettle, often of the same material, for making soup; a few plates or bowls, and spoons. Some of the spoons were made of metal; others were carved out of wood. The open fire on the kitchen floor was fed with chips of llama dung, making the smoke not only blinding but also odorous.

In remote districts it was not unusual to see Indians picking lice off their bodies, putting these into their mouths, and eating them with apparent relish. This was a service they sometimes performed for each other.

Babies were carried on their mothers' backs, and were taught early to obey. One chilly day I saw a child two or three years of age sitting on a cold rock for hours, scarcely moving, as it waited for its mother to finish some task out of doors.

The landscape of mountains and high prairie pampas was cheerless for want of trees and shrubbery, yet to me it had a real charm. The clear air was free from contaminating fumes and smoke of factories, and in that altitude one could see clearly for long distances. Always inspiring to me were the rugged mountains when the sun shone on them, bringing out various colors as the light touched them from

different angles. Lofty snow-covered peaks glistened and sparkled like diamonds in the sky, and in many parts of the great pampas flocks of sheep and llamas, with some alpacas, could be seen grazing. During the rainy season each spring there were rich green pastures in the valleys and little fields of potatoes, barley, and vegetables. Such was the country to which we devoted our years of mission service.

Greetings From the Tinhorn Band

AFTER acquainting the Indians interested in the mission schools with our new tuition plan, we felt it necessary to visit them again to collect the tuition money so that the schools could open. Though we looked forward to this trip, the mission directors and I had many doubts and fears and offered many earnest prayers for the success of our new financial plan.

H. M. Colburn, the mission treasurer, assisted me in preparing a daily schedule of places to visit. This had to be followed rigorously; for we notified each place at least a month before our arrival in

order to give the one in charge of the school time to get the word around to all the parents and children in that locality. It was necessary to tell not only the day but also the hour when we would be at the school building to matriculate the students and receive the tuition money, for we ordinarily made three or four such visits each day.

The work of organizing our trip completed, I left Puno with my mission boy, Pedro Neira (Peter's eye), to begin the second tour of the mission field. Pedro, who was a faithful, efficient young man, would care for the horses, choose the road to follow, translate my talks from Spanish to Aymara or Quechua (both of which languages he spoke well), and help in any other way that might be found necessary.

The early morning air was cool and refreshing when we started our trip. As the sun came up, shining first on the mountain peaks and then across our path, we rode along, chatting, planning, and enjoying the beautiful morning.

We came to the first school by nine o'clock and were happy to see a large crowd gathered there. First we were greeted by the tinhorn band and the drum corps, marching toward us and playing as they came. They were followed by a large number of boys and girls of school age, all dressed in their best—their blue clothes. Behind them was a crowd

of men and women, parents of the children. The hills and the school building in the background made the over-all picture one we shall never forget. The teacher for that school had gone ahead of us and worked for nearly a week with the director of the mission station to organize this beautiful reception. We never expected such a demonstration and were carried away with the marching and the music. It gave us courage when we saw that the plan was working and a good spirit prevailed.

As we neared the group, we stopped and listened to the music for a few minutes before motioning for them to be quiet. "*Viva las escuelas Adventistas* [Live the Adventist schools].," we shouted. A mighty "*Viva*" from the crowd answered us. We started singing the Peruvian national hymn, and they joined us with all their might. When we rode up to where the parents were, everyone wanted to shake our hands and say "*Como saque* [Good morning]."

After dismounting and shaking hands, we led the way to the school building. We sang together "*Mi Dios Me Ama*" (God Loves Me), a song they all knew and liked to sing, and then with bowed heads thanked God for all His blessings, especially for this wonderful group interested in a Christian school.

Following the prayer I spoke to them of the love of God that had enabled each of us to come out of

the darkness of this world into the light of the gospel. "The love of God has filled the hearts of men and women, causing them to leave their native land to come and help you have schools and know Jesus better." I continued, "The basis of true education is the Bible, the Word of God. We should help our boys and girls learn to read so that they can study this good Book for themselves and read it to their fathers and mothers. A Christian education is of more value than silver and gold, yes, more than chickens, sheep, or cows, and your children merit this opportunity to be prepared for life in this world and the world to come."

While I warmed up to the subject, Pedro showed a corresponding enthusiasm in his translation of my words. The parents contemplated the values that their children had already received from the school, thoughts which filled their hearts with gratitude to God for the new life which was opening up for them, and they interrupted me by shouting, "*Viva las escuelas Adventistas!*" They really enjoyed and appreciated the educational privileges their children were receiving.

School spirit was in the air; they regarded having a school a real treat. With the help of the mission station director, we had them form a line and pass by the table where the tuition money was received. It was marvelous to see how God had worked on



Top: Indians build a house on the pampa, or prairie, surrounding Lake Titicaca.

Bottom: Twelve appeals for schools once came in a single day. The knowledge that there were no money and no teachers was a real disappointment. It was difficult to turn them down.

their hearts. The money was soon in and the school declared open. A thanksgiving song was sung and a thanksgiving prayer offered.

A similar program was followed as we made other visits, though the enthusiasm was not as great in every place as it had been in the first school. Several times we had to work much harder to bring up a good school spirit, but the first experience had filled our hearts with courage. Onward we went in faith, and God added His blessing. Although the horns made of tin from old alcohol cans and shaped like bugles did not produce the sweetest music, it was sweet to the ears of those who made it in honor of their school; for they were expressing appreciation for what the missionaries and their teachers were doing for them. Even the homemade drums, covered with cowhide, were not bad when one thought of them as symbols of Christian growth and love. We were thrilled with the good spirit that reigned. Though two schools dropped out because they could not raise the tuition, we gained five new ones in their place.

The last evening of our trip, after a hard day in which we visited four schools, Pedro and I arrived very tired at our last appointment. We stopped at the home of one of the members, a fine Christian man, whose good wife cooked some *chupe walley moxa* for us. If *chunu* soup ever tasted good, it did

that evening. It was dark when we finished eating, and I sent Pedro on to be with the teacher at the schoolhouse. He was to help get things prepared, since the mission director could not be there that night.

When I was finally ready to go, I started alone for the school building. In the darkness I could hardly see the path, which led around a dirty mud-and-water hole. As I rounded it, my foot slipped, and I went headlong into the middle of it. I slung my Bible before me to protect it as my head stuck in the muck. By the time I finally got out, I was a sight to behold.

Inasmuch as I was in no condition to go on, I returned to the Indian home, where I scraped the mud off me and left my clothes with the man of the house, who lent me a suit of his own. Arrayed in this costume I went to the school building and conducted the meeting. That was one of the most embarrassing experiences I have ever had. The Indian's clothes were too tight for me all over; the pants were half a foot or more too short, and the coarse wool stuck like pins. I was glad that none of the mission station directors could see me or take a picture, for I felt that I did not make a very good Indian.

How relieved I was when I thought of this being our last school and that in the morning I would be

homeward bound! A hard assignment had been completed; we could count on the schools opening for another year even though we had introduced a new plan. I was tired enough to sleep anywhere that night. On the ride home the next day Pedro and I recounted our many blessings and thanked God for all He had done, for He had helped us perform a difficult but rewarding task.

The Three R's and Learning to Wash

ON THE opening day of a new school the first lesson taught was one of cleanliness. The teacher was given plenty of soap, with instructions to take all the pupils to some place where there was water and teach them to wash their faces and hands. This was repeated every day until everyone got the habit and did it at home. On that first day when Juancito returned from school, his parents would look at him and say, "Juancito, what is the matter with you? You are pale. What has happened?"

"The teacher took soap and had us wash. He made us rub until he said we looked clean."

Then the mother, with a look of surprise or even horror, might respond, "Juancito! How many got sick? Did anyone die?"

These Indian tribes believed that water is dangerous. None of them washed in the wintertime. If anyone became sick and was asked the cause, he might say, "I crossed the river and got my feet wet," or "I got water on my face." So this first lesson introduced a radical change in their way of living. When the parents became accustomed to their children's coming home all cleaned up, and saw that it did not harm them but made them look better, they also took up the practice. In the course of six months or a year most of the parents were washing their hands and faces and combing their hair. Little by little the school was transforming the way of life in the community where it was located.

The first day of school was rather informal, but on the second day real work began. Early in the morning students started coming over the hills and prairies, all headed toward the school. They were filled with happy anticipation of a new experience in life. Some were small children of six or seven years, while others were young married men. There were all ages because nobody had had any education and all were anxious to learn to read and write. At this time no provisions were made in the public school system of Peru for the Indians living in rural

districts; consequently few of them, regardless of age, had had any opportunity to receive even simple instruction.

As the pupils arrived at the school building, each one carried a little roll of wool on his arm and was busy spinning yarn. At first everyone—men, women, and children—stood outdoors on the sunny side of the house, spinning and spinning. The boys and girls did not run and jump around as they do in this country, but were quiet and sedate. It takes a great deal of time to spin enough yarn to make a suit of clothes, and as their clothing was homemade, every extra minute had to be used to get a little more thread spun.

At a signal from the teacher everyone marched quietly into the school building. The teacher might have seventy-five or a hundred registered in his school, but they were so quiet and well behaved and so anxious to learn that he got along with seldom a major problem.

Before a student could begin any reading lessons, it was necessary for him to study Spanish, as this is the official language of the country and the one all must learn to read. The Indians' native speech is not a written language.

Each teacher was provided with an old picture roll such as the ones used in the children's divisions of the Sabbath schools in the United States. He be-

gan by holding up a picture and asking the pupils to name the objects in Aymara or Quechua, the Indian tongues. Then he would give the Spanish words for the same objects. Much time was spent on drill, and many of the responses were made in unison, though the teacher had to depend on individual answers to help him determine when his pupils knew enough Spanish to begin lessons in actual reading.

A simple method of first learning the alphabet, then spelling and recognizing words, was followed in teaching reading. Flash cards and pictures were used until the pupils knew enough words to begin work in the small Spanish first reader, which was furnished at actual cost to those who were ready to use it. The task in these schools was a hard one, but a surprisingly large number of the pupils made good progress.

When recess arrived, all the pupils marched outdoors and again lined up on the sunny side of the house to continue their spinning. In time the teachers learned at our summer school to play many games, which they endeavored to teach the pupils in their native schools. Eventually the Indian children began to romp and play and have a good time together.

After recess the teacher took up the arithmetic lesson. At first he taught them to count in Spanish,

using concert work to get them used to the new words with their sounds and meanings. As they advanced, they learned more and more number relationships and used Spanish arithmetic texts.

The lessons in writing presented some difficulties because of the problem of obtaining materials. The longer a school was conducted in a place, and the more advanced the students were, the more necessary it was to emphasize handwriting and written arithmetic.

During the latter part of the day the Bible lesson was given. First the teacher would tell the Bible stories in the Indian language. Then, as they advanced in their knowledge of Spanish, he would repeat the same story in that tongue. They learned Bible verses, and little by little grew into a new language as well as a knowledge of the true God. Here, as in other subjects, unison responses by the pupils were often made. I observed that Indians, even the children, are quite attentive, responding well when opportunity presents itself.

As these schools continued to be operated, each year found a higher grade added, with the work becoming more complicated. Notwithstanding the language barrier, many Indians developed quite rapidly, especially the younger ones. There were, of course, individual differences in abilities to learn, as there are among all peoples.

Today many of these boys and girls are well educated. Some of them have even come to the United States to finish college courses. It was a marvel to see how these neglected people could develop scholastic skills in so short a time, making efficient teachers of boys and girls who before this had had no educational privileges.

A Mob Burns and Kills

EACH new school represented a real sacrifice on the part of the Indians. One of the requirements for sending a teacher to any community was that a suitable building be provided to house the school, and it took days of labor making adobes and getting the poles for the roof before this could be erected.

An Indian chief named Manoel visited one of our schools and was impressed as he watched the pupils learning to read and write. Returning to his home, he called his Indians together and told them what he had seen. They all felt enthusiastic and began making adobes at once. A trip to get the poles for the roof was taken and the house completed.

Manoel came to Puno and presented himself at the mission office, asking for a teacher and proudly describing the neat new schoolhouse they had built.

My heart sank when I listened to his story, for we were completely out of teachers. I had to answer his request by saying No as kindly as I could.

He could hardly accept my answer. "Oh, please, send us a teacher," he pleaded. "The house is ready, and we want one so much." The distress in his face and voice wrung my very soul.

"Why do you want a school?" I asked, thinking hard all the time to see if something to help him would come to my mind.

"Please, *señor*, we want a school so that our children can learn to read God's Book that tells of Jesus; please, please send us a teacher."

To turn down a plea like that made me almost sick, but what could I do? There was simply no one to send. I could only say No to him. Such experiences are the ones that try and wear out missionaries.

The poor man left with bowed head, traveling for three or four days before he reached his home with the disappointing message that he could not get a teacher. Calling his Indians together, he told them the news. Like him they walked around with sad countenances, saying, "If only we had a teacher!"

Suddenly they heard the pounding of horses' hoofs and turned to see a large company of men on



Top: An angry mob killed fifteen Indian men returning home after working on their new school building. Five of the dead are shown in this picture.

Bottom: Natives are grateful for medication given. This woman receives treatment for a diseased foot from Pedro Kalbermatter.

horseback coming toward them. The mob rushed up, shots were fired, and six of the sad little company fell. Five were killed outright, but Manoel lay on the ground in his blood, suffering great pain and agony.

Fire was set to the roof of the new school building. It was completely burned, and part of the adobe wall was knocked down. When they had completed their fiendish work of destruction, the mob dashed off, yelling, "Now they will not want a school!"

The Indians left were sad, enraged, and bitterly disappointed. They began to wander among the dead and, seeing Manoel moving, gathered around him.

"Won't you please take me to Puno to the missionary's house?" he pleaded. "He will help me."

They wrapped him in blankets as best they could, and eight men, taking turns, journeyed for three days, carrying him to Puno.

When they arrived, they came to the house we had for our Indian visitors to lodge in, and sent for me. Since I was not at home, Belle and Sister Schwerin, the wife of one of the mission station directors who was visiting us, hurried over.

They walked through the corral which surrounded the house and were looking for Manoel when they saw, lined up on the ground in the patio, five human heads, some of them terribly battered and bloody. Belle was so shocked that she could not

move for a moment; then they both screamed and ran from the place back to our own house.

The Indians had cut the heads off the five who had been shot and brought them along as proof of their story. With so little standing among the nationals in that country, they were not used to being believed and expected us to treat them the same way.

Belle arranged for Manoel to enter the hospital in Puno and have the bullets removed. He was later taken to our Indian house, where God definitely blessed the care and treatment given him and he began to recover. Though he lay many days waiting for his wounds to heal, he continued to improve, and in time was up and around again.

As soon as he could, he began to come over to our home, where Belle and I talked to him and encouraged him, teaching him of the love of God. We told him of Jesus, whom wicked men had put to death, and of the privilege we have of living and suffering as He suffered. Manoel learned to sing "*Mi Dios Me Ama*" with understanding and love for its meaning. He was presented with a Bible and a songbook, which he used when attending our church services. His heart was fully given to the Lord Jesus, and our hearts were encouraged when we saw the Holy Spirit changing the life of this son of the Incas.

As soon as he was well enough to return home, he gathered his Indians together and told them of

the care he had received from the missionary and his wife.

"They read to me from the Bible the story of Jesus, who loved even poor Indians enough to die for them," he explained to his wondering audience. This message of love to a downtrodden people rarely failed to touch their hearts. He described the change that had come to him when he accepted his Saviour—the new desires, the new hope, and the new hold on life that had followed sadness and despair.

"Jesus is coming back to earth again," he continued. "I want all of you and your children to be ready to meet Him."

Then he sang the song "*Mi Dios Me Ama*," and the words reached their hearts. "We must have a school for our children so that they can learn to read this wonderful Book that is more precious than silver or gold or sheep," his pleading words continued. "Let us make adobes and build our school building. Let us go and find more poles and make a new roof. Then I will return to Puno and get a teacher."

Again Manoel presented himself at Puno, asking for a teacher. Though we were still hard pressed for workers, the Lord helped us answer his request; we just could not turn him down. Happily he set out on the homeward journey, this time with a teacher. Rejoicing filled all the homes in that Indian settlement upon his arrival, for now school could begin.

It was a great day for them when the school opened with sixty pupils in attendance. As usual, the teacher began with a lesson on cleanliness. Besides reading and arithmetic, he emphasized the Bible and its stories. Soon the children were repeating the things they had heard to their parents, who also became interested in hearing about the true God. A Sabbath school of over one hundred was organized, and by the end of the year a hundred souls were baptized. God was working mightily among the Indians of Peru in those days, and the schools were our greatest evangelizing agency.

But the Indian teachers were exposed to grave dangers. The dark-skinned men who did this work not only feared and served God wholeheartedly but also faced death fearlessly.

The experience of Juan, a sixteen-year-old boy, is an example of the trials these faithful native workers had to meet. We had endeavored to find an older person for his place, but no one was available. Though he was young, he had attended our summer school and knew something of our methods. When he arrived at his school, he made the Indians happy by the enthusiastic way he worked for and helped his pupils. The children loved the interesting Bible stories he told, and when one Friday he asked them to bring their parents to a special school the next day, a large crowd came.

He opened his Sabbath school by singing "*Mi Dios Me Ama*," the song the children now knew and had sung over and over again until the older ones had learned it too. After a prayer for help and guidance, he told them Bible stories. Though these were new to his audience, they were so interesting that the next week two hundred came to Sabbath school.

The people in the community who were not eager for our work to prosper became enraged. They spread the story that the Indians were organizing an uprising, backed by the foreign missionaries. Gathering a mob together, they went over to the school and wickedly grabbed Juan, knocked and kicked him brutally, and though he could hardly stand up, made him walk to town, mistreating him all the way.

When word of this outrage came to me at Puno, I asked the prefect to help me get the young man out of jail.

"I can do nothing for you," he said. "Your schools are not protected by the central government."

"But we have had protection for years. I am only coming to you to ask that this help be continued," was my reply.

"*Señor*, I am sorry, but I can do nothing for you. All your schools will soon be closed."

"*Señor* Prefect, is this your final word? If it is, I will appeal to the central government."

Smiling, he answered, "Go ahead. It will do you no good."

I left the prefect's office with a heavy heart, went home to our office, and called some of our workers together for an earnest season of prayer. We pleaded that God would intercede for us and that we might find favor with President La Guia and his officials. We composed a telegram, which we sent direct to him, asking that he authorize the prefect of Puno to see that our teacher, then in jail, was freed and his school protected. While we waited for word from him, we continued to pray. Two days later I received a telegram from the president stating that my request had been granted. He sent new papers authorizing us to establish and maintain schools, and instructing the local authorities to give us protection.

When I returned to the prefect's office, he threw up both hands and said most courteously, "*Señor*, you may ask anything you want, and I will grant it. You have full protection from the central government, and I am asking that your teacher be released." I thanked him and left, giving the glory to God. We had another prayer meeting at the office, but this was a praise service to our heavenly Father.

Saddling my horse, I started on the sixty-mile journey which brought me to the town where Juan was imprisoned. Just as I feared, he had not been released. However, with the message I carried from

the central government, it was not hard to convince the authorities to let him go.

Though Juan's joy at being out of jail was a wonderful thing to see, he was pitifully weak and hungry and had great bruises all over his body. We felt that he should not go back to the same school where he had been mistreated, because it would be too dangerous for him there. Since he was young, we doubted that he would want to return; but when I told him about our decision, he objected strenuously.

Looking directly into my eyes, he pleaded, "Please don't take me away from that school. I am not afraid to go back. I love those people. Please let me return. If I die, I die. Jesus gave His life for me. I am willing to give my life if need be."

My heart went out to this weak and suffering Indian boy who could not be persuaded to leave the people he loved, and I let him stay. When he opened his school again, he bravely met the difficulties that came his way and soon had a larger Sabbath school than before. By the end of the school year he and the mission director had prepared over one hundred souls for baptism.

Practically all our Indian schools in those early days started with problems and continued through adverse and trying circumstances. Several Indians lost their lives, yet the calls for teachers multiplied

as a whole nation seemed to be reaching for a better life. The hardest thing I have ever had to do was to turn down many requests for teachers that came to us. One day alone I received calls for twenty new schools, brought by groups of Indians who had journeyed on foot from two to ten days. We simply were unable to prepare enough teachers for the demand. Since we averaged from fifty to one hundred baptisms in every place where we established a new school, we could only feel sad when we were unable to take advantage of all the opportunities that opened up before us.

God worked marvelously in those days for the Inca Indians, even as He is doing throughout the world today. Our greatest need is for men and means to finish telling the world of a soon-coming Saviour.

God Provides a Soldier

THE work of our mission in starting schools among the Indians met with much opposition from many of those whose private fortunes would profit if the natives remained in ignorance of Christian principles. When a Seventh-day Adventist mission was established, the market for coca leaves and alcoholic liquors fell off, removing a source of income from the planters in that locality. Some of these landowners, who were usually a Spanish-Indian mixture called mestizos by the natives, obtained land by fraud from the Indians by getting them so drunk they signed bills of sale, not knowing their contents.

Of course, not all the Indians responded to the gospel of Jesus Christ presented by our missionaries.

People who wanted conditions to remain as they were sometimes incited this group against us and against our schools, making many false representations of our plans and purposes. At times we were in danger of our lives. Property was destroyed by mobs, and our faithful converts, confused by these developments, looked to us for help.

One day we received word at Puno that our school near Asangro had been burned and the adobe walls partly demolished. With Guy Mann, the educational secretary of the mission, I mounted my motorcycle and headed for the scene of trouble. Part of the way we traveled on the railroad track, riding between the rails, and part of the time we used a path at the end of the ties. As we clipped along at a pretty good speed in the latter fashion, on a road that was entirely new to us, we suddenly came to a small stream of water spanned only by a railroad bridge. There was no time to stop and get back onto the middle of the track. Guy gave a startled gasp as he said, "Good-by, Harry," and slid off the back of the motorcycle.

Gripping the handle bars, I went on through space. Before I had time to think about what was happening to me, I landed on a sand bar on the opposite side of the stream. Fortunately, I was right side up, so I put the motorcycle in low gear and rolled right up the bank to the trail at the end of

the ties. Guy came walking across the bridge as surprised looking as I was, and off we went again, thankful that a serious accident had not taken place.

We had not traveled far before the motorcycle sputtered and finally stopped. Unscrewing and tightening all the bolts we could find was to no avail, so we decided to leave the machine at an Indian hut and continue on foot. We walked across the seemingly endless pampas until we came to a fork in the road. Having nothing to guide us, we were at an utter loss as to which way to take. At last, on a trial-and-error basis, we chose the right-hand side and started down it. Again we walked and walked and walked until it seemed as if it would be forever. Worst of all, when we found a place to inquire, no one seemed to know where the school was located.

As darkness was coming on, we asked at the Indian hut for night accommodations, but were told there was no room. Tired and disappointed, we went on to another house, where the man told us we might remain if we would sleep on the porch outdoors. The crisp air was too cool for comfort, and we had no bedding along; nor was there any to be shared with us. After our long walk we felt exhausted and hungry. I kept asking him if there was not some place inside where we might sleep.

"You could go there," he finally agreed, motioning toward a chicken house. When he had moved his

three hens, he stood watching while we scraped out the place. I spied a small stack of barley straw, which we spread thickly on the floor. We were given an earthen jar with some water in it. We drank it even though we had to strain out the bugs by making a sieve of our teeth. The Indian brought us some *chunu* soup that had been left from the evening meal.

Guy was not accustomed to a life like this, for he had just joined our working force in Puno. After we had crawled through the door to our bedroom, which was merely a hole in a little round-topped hut, we were both strangely quiet for a time.

"So this is how you live up here," he finally said with an odd tone in his voice.

Undisturbed, I answered, "Yes, but one gets used to it. It may be worse on ahead."

Ordinarily when we traveled on horseback to various schools, we each filled our saddlebags with extra clothing and a shaving kit, carrying a poncho for bedding. As this trip was by motorcycle, I had expected to reach the mission station before nightfall where the burned-out school was located; there was only one saddlebag between us, and no provision for camping out.

After another silence Guy dryly commented, "I hope I can make it."

"Sure you can make it," I answered, trying to assume more cheer about the situation than I really

felt. "Jesus did more for us than we could ever possibly do for Him. Let's have worship and hit the hay." We crawled into the straw together and, to Guy's surprise, kept warm, sleeping very well. Make it he did. He developed into a strong missionary, doing successful work in the Lake Titicaca field.

The next morning we awoke to find the sun already up and driving away the frost. By talking with our Indian host, we discovered that the school we were looking for was directly north of us, just over the mountain. It took us until noon to make the climb and descend the other side. The teacher of the school, Julian Janke, and his good wife seemed overjoyed to see us. She had been a cook in the home of Elder Stahl and knew how to prepare quickly a most appetizing meal. Cheered by our visit with this fine young couple and by the good food, we were planning with Julian for rebuilding the school when a soldier rode up and handed me a note from the prefect of that district. I was asked to go to Asangro at once to see him.

We borrowed some Indian ponies and brushed and groomed ourselves for our visit with the government officials. Our ponies were small and the saddles primitive. First an old blanket was spread on the horse's back. Then two poles or sticks, wrapped in cowhide, were laid parallel with his backbone, covered with another piece of blanket, and fastened

with a rope looped at each end to make stirrups. This too was new for Guy, but he made the trip.

We soon arrived in Asangro, found a corral in which to leave our horses, and proceeded to the office of the prefect. There we were greeted in a friendly way, but the prefect made one remark which set me to thinking. "I am terribly sorry your mission is so misunderstood in this country," he said. "We will have to decide its destiny here this afternoon."

While we were talking, the governor of the district arrived, accompanied by the judge and a representative of the Peruvian National Congress, as well as a number of other city officials and dignitaries. A crowd of Indians began to gather in the street and on the other side of the house. Also, the inner courtyard was filled with Indian women, so that we were surrounded on all sides by a large crowd of people.

The prefect opened the session by making a few statements about Adventists, saying that he was sorry our work was so misunderstood. He reviewed the charges against us, which could be summarized as follows: we were teaching equality of races, with intermarriage; we were encouraging the Indians to disobey the government; and we were conducting schools in inadequate buildings, even in stables.

When he had finished, I arose and commented on the accusations. I declared that before God all

men are created equal; therefore Seventh-day Adventists believe that a good Indian can be saved just as any other human being. "We do not teach the intermarriage of races or teach the Indians to disobey the authority of the state," I continued. "However, when the civil authorities ask an Indian or any other citizen to do things contrary to the commandments of God, our first duty is to God.

"If a magistrate should ask an Indian to break God's Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, by bringing in a sheep for the magistrate on the day, we have instructed the Indians in our church to explain courteously and respectfully their reasons for refusing this request. [It was a custom in that country for magistrates to ask the Indians to bring in a sheep as a gift for their tables.] With us, God always comes first, and we cannot break one of His commandments, such as the Sabbath commandment, though we do respect civil authority and co-operate with it. Our Indians are not lawbreakers, but are peaceful, sober, and law-abiding. It is part of the doctrine of our church that they should be that way."

As I sat down, the women in the inner courtyard began to scream, "Kill the chief of the *evangelistas*! Kill him! Away with him!"

The representative to the national congress then charged that our schools were being conducted in unbecoming places. To this accusation I replied that

our schools were conducted in the best buildings the Indians could provide. Only one was not being held in a regular school building; it was in the courtyard of a private home. This was the one near Asangro, recently burned by Indians who had been incited by enemies of our missions.

Again we were interrupted by the women in the courtyard shouting, "Kill the chief of the *evangelistas*," but no attention was paid to them by the officials present.

Once more the representative to congress arose, stating that we had no authority to establish or operate schools.

"*Viva* [hurrah]!" shouted the women.

"We are met," he continued, "to decide whether these schools can be operated in this territory."

"That problem has already been settled by the central government in Lima," I answered respectfully, taking from my pocket a document which authorized the Seventh-day Adventists to organize and conduct schools anywhere in Peru. I explained that I was sorry to disagree with the representative from congress, but that this was a matter which had not been left to be decided by a few people in a corner. "I am hoping our rights will be respected by the civil authorities in this district," I concluded, "and that none of the Indians who patronize our schools will be molested."



Top left: An Aymara Indian woman and her little family on their way to work.

Top right: This soldier accompanied E. H. Wilcox for a week for his protection.

Bottom: Burned and damaged by its enemies, this school building has been rebuilt and still stands.

The officials of the Peruvian government always gave us protection when we appealed to them and cited the authority of the central government. Now, though the women in the courtyard kept up their clamor, the prefect seemed in accord with us, and brought no more accusations against our schools.

Looking at the mob on the outside, I again addressed the prefect. "We came here at your bidding. Now you can hear the mob on the inside and see what is outside. I request two soldiers to escort us out of town and to accompany us for a week to see and hear what we are teaching and the work we are doing."

Just then Pedro Kalbermatter (a national from Argentina who had charge of a mission in that district, and who had joined us in the prefect's office) started outside but quickly returned. Fresh horse manure had been thrown all over his face and clothes.

"Yes," replied the prefect, "I will give you one soldier. That is all I can spare."

The representative to congress stepped forward, volunteering to go with us to the edge of town, and was joined by the prefect and the judge. So down the street we marched, undisturbed. When we reached the corral where the horses were, an enclosure with a high adobe wall around it, the officials stopped and bade us good-by. They did not wait for us to

be off but started away, leaving the corral exposed to the small crowd of Indians which had gathered close to the entrance. We mounted our horses and started out.

Before we had gone more than a few paces, a shower of rocks came. I received two hits, which were not serious; the others escaped. The soldier who accompanied us began fumbling with his gun.

"Raise it but don't shoot," I shouted at him.

He obeyed, and we rode away in peace. For a week he went with us as we visited different schools. He slept in the same room with us and even learned to join us in prayer. It was evident that he was most favorably impressed with the work we were doing.

The Indians were also greatly impressed because we had a soldier with us. "Now they have protection," they would say; "the government favors them. Look, a soldier has been sent to guard them." God blessed both the soldier and the Indians, and our work grew faster than it ever had before.

Love's Approach to the Heart

WHEN we began our mission work in the highlands of Peru, the Indian, as we found him, was addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages and a slave to the habit of chewing coca leaves. His nervous system was continually affected by these habit-forming drugs, making him docile and dreamy, with apparently no future ambitions and little care for present discomforts.

His body was almost immune to pain; if a pin were stuck into his flesh, he might not even feel it. In this state he could go on long journeys, eating but little and scarcely suffering from hunger or fa-

tigue. His lifespan under these conditions was comparatively short, for like the tired horse who goes faster when whipped without receiving additional strength for the work, these Indians wore out sooner because of unsupplied body needs.

As we thought of these people in the light of their situation, we felt the need for more than human wisdom to cope with the gigantic problem of leading them to the Lord Jesus. Then we read again 1 Corinthians 13:1-8: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity [love], I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

In the light of these divine words we decided that a message of love was needed, a warm, sincere love direct from the heart to these poor, neglected, and discouraged souls. We therefore organized our approach to them on the foundation of love to our neighbor and supreme love to God, for the language of love speaks louder than words.

When teaching the Indians the gospel—God's love message to fallen man—we had to approach them in a very simple way. Our meetings were often held at night and in the open air, which afforded an opportunity to call their attention to the stars, and how all are assigned a certain place in God's great

universe so that they do not collide with each other or get out of control. Thus we taught them that there is a guiding hand—the hand of God. We wanted them to know this wonderful, all-powerful God, and His Son, Jesus, who came to this world to save men just like them. “God loves the Indian,” I would say, “and through Jesus Christ offers salvation full and free to every one of you.”

After establishing the fact that there is a true God, we took up many phases of the gospel as given in His Holy Word. Among others, we taught them that their bodies were “the temple of the Holy Ghost,” that “ye are not your own,” and that “if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.” It was necessary to prove to them that all evil practices should be discarded. We felt under a solemn obligation to help them see their situation before God. Since both alcohol and coca are injurious to the body, it was our duty to present to them the need of giving up the use of both. We explained that God required good care of the body.

As a means of making this truth graphic to the Indians, I would speak of alcohol as Mr. Alcohol, accusing him of being one of man’s worst enemies. To show how injurious he is, I would break an egg in a cup of alcohol and let them watch it cook.

“That is just what happens to the stomachs of those who put Mr. Alcohol on the inside,” I would

say. "He destroys what he touches. He works on the brain also, making a man say and do foolish things."

When I would ask how many wished to quit having anything to do with Mr. Alcohol, a good many would take their stand. God blessed the simple words that were spoken in love and sent them home to the hearts of this benighted people.

Then I would continue, "Mr. Alcohol has a wife, called Mrs. Coca, who is a very bad woman." While they listened in surprise, I would tell them why pulling the teeth of those who chew the coca leaf causes practically no pain. They knew that though I cut around the tooth with a sharp instrument, they hardly felt it. I would say, "Mrs. Coca defiles the body by making it numb, and the mind by making it dazed. God created man with the power to feel, never with the intention that he become a stupid being with no regard for the future. He wants man to be active and industrious, using all his senses as he cares for his body temple in such a way that he can have good judgment and an active brain." Applying the text from the Bible, I would explain, "If we continue to let Mr. Alcohol and Mrs. Coca deceive us and destroy our body temples, God will also destroy us."

The Indians seemed to think seriously as I talked. When I would ask all who wished to separate themselves from the coca habit to bring their bags of leaves to the front and deposit them on the floor,

soon one would come forward. Then more and more would follow, until there was a large pile of coca leaves.

From the Bible I would read these words: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." After I had presented these thought-provoking words of invitation to the humble seekers of truth, I invited them to come to Jesus, fully surrendering their lives to Him and permitting Him to help them get complete victory over old Mr. Alcohol and Mrs. Coca. In response many hands would be raised, indicating their desire to go all the way in their surrender. As everyone stood with bowed heads, we would plead with God to give them complete victory, after which we would set fire to the pile of coca leaves, destroying them as a sign of the complete separation.

"You are now God's children," I would assure them, "and you should never touch Mr. Alcohol or Mrs. Coca again. Ask God to help you keep away from them and to forgive you for using them in the past." In childlike faith they accepted this message of God, and literally hundreds took their stand, believing His Word and giving up their harmful habits forever. The meeting would then close with a prayer

asking God to accept them into the royal family as His sons and daughters. How they rejoiced because of the new influence that had come into their lives!

To us in the mission field it was marvelous to see how God helped these simple Indians overcome these two terrible habits that so many in civilized lands cannot break. Had I not personally seen it, I would be tempted not to believe, but the blessed promise is sure that "with God all things are possible." Accepting Jesus as their helper, from the first night they heard the message on this subject many would never touch alcohol or coca again. A miracle had been wrought, and through the mighty power of God they had been delivered. With Jesus in their hearts they had literally said, "All to Jesus I surrender, all to Him I freely give; I will ever love and trust Him, in His presence daily live."

Five Minutes to Death

THE answer to the question, "What did it cost an Indian to accept the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour and become a Christian?" could sometimes be given in one word—death. This might be a shocking thought to anyone with the idea that since the Indians possessed very little of this world's goods, they had much to gain and little to lose, with not a lot of changes necessary in their simple manner of living. Appearances can be deceiving.

It was just as hard for an Indian to change his ways and become a faithful servant of the Lord as it is for you and me—and maybe even harder. He had formed habits contrary to the teachings of the Word of God which, though they bound him with

iron bands, must be conquered and forsaken. Not until he saw the loving Jesus in all His glory and became convinced of the value of following Him was he able to change his way of life and become a Christian.

I observed that as soon as an Indian decided to turn from his old life, giving himself fully to the Lord, trials often began to come thick and fast. For example, one Indian accepted Jesus, making a complete surrender of his life. On his way home from a meeting, he was met by a group of those who opposed the plain teaching of the Word of God and the truths of the Seventh-day Adventist Church which our Indian brother had learned to love. He was stripped of his clothes, tarred and feathered, and made to march through the streets of town, being ridiculed as he went. This barbarous treatment was meted out as an example of what would happen to anyone else who followed Jesus in the way this faithful servant of God had.

When the Indians became Seventh-day Adventists and left off alcohol and chewing the coca leaf, along with other vices and sins, their personal sincerity and Christian experience were severely tested. Men everywhere marveled at the great change which took place in the lives of these people. But this was not the only problem they had to meet, for as hundreds of Indians gave their hearts and lives to the

Lord Jesus, the sale of alcohol and coca diminished. Certain people living in that area began to see their sources of gain dwindling, and they became bitter enemies of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and of the Indians who belonged to it.

Another cause for the bitter opposition to our work can be explained by the fact that the converted Indians, free from narcotics, and learning to read in our schools, could not be easily deceived into giving their property away to the unscrupulous owners of ranches. To frighten other Indians so that they would not accept this faith, terrible persecutions were sometimes inflicted on the Adventist believers.

An Indian named Cipriano accepted Jesus and became a new creature through the cleansing blood of Christ. On his way home after his baptism he was met by a landowner who stopped to ask where he had been.

"To Sabbath school and church," Cipriano answered respectfully.

The man shouted angrily, "Then you have become a member of the church of those foreign devils, have you?"

"The church of the foreign devils I do not know. One thing I do know: I have found Jesus, and He has filled my heart with new hope and courage. I thank God for the peace that has come into my soul since I became acquainted with Him."

The landowner became red with anger. "Here, take this shovel and dig a hole. Make it six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet deep. Now dig!"

The Indians were used to obeying orders from those richer and possibly whiter than themselves, so Cipriano set to work. Finally the man rasped, "Stop! Now you must give up that foolish religion taught to you by these foreigners, or I will bury you alive in the hole you have dug."

Cipriano looked calmly into the eyes of his persecutor and replied, "You may bury me in this hole, but I will never forsake my faith."

"How dare you talk that way? I won't stand for it!" he yelled. Unused to anything but submissive behavior from the humble Indians, the landowner was beside himself with rage and frustration.

"I'll give you five minutes to decide," he threatened. "You give up your religion, or I will bury you here in this hole."

As Cipriano stood facing what appeared to be certain death, Satan whispered to him, "Say, 'I will,' and live." Like a flash another thought went through his mind: "Jesus didn't deny you, but loved you and died to save you."

Then this faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ said with great calmness, "You may kill me if you like." With tears rolling down his cheeks, he added, "Jesus died for me, so I am ready to give my

life for Him. He loved me so much that I must love Him to the end. You can bury me here, but Jesus is coming soon, and He will call me in that day. I know He will, for He says so in this blessed Book I hold in my hand."

The landowner could hardly believe his ears. This manly and sincere speech from one whose character and position in life he had despised dumfounded him.

He wheeled his horse and started away. "Go! Go, Cipriano!" he shouted. "I don't want to have anything more to do with you. Go!"

So the God of heaven honored the faith of His humble servant, just as He did in the days of Nebuchadnezzar and the three Hebrew children.

Many other Indians were persecuted because of their faith. Some were thrust into jail; others were strung to the ceiling by their feet and left until almost dead, but their faith did not forsake them. They entered the furnace of affliction bravely, and God gave them strength to meet whatever trials wicked men could devise.

A group of Indians were having their Sabbath school in a small, rather isolated house some distance from Puno. As they were studying the Word of God, two men dressed like soldiers came in and drove them out, then piled up their Bibles and song-books and burned them before their eyes. After de-

molishing the little building, they burned the roof, took the twenty Indians, some of whom were women, children, and even infants, and threw them into jail, where they were left two days without food. In this country prisoners had to depend on their friends who might hear of their plight and bring them food, but these Indians had no friends who knew of their distress. Next they were taken to Puno to jail.

Our home in Puno was quite a distance from the jail, but we could hear the weird sounds of weeping coming from it. Mothers were crying because they had no food for their hungry, wailing children. I sent Pedro, our mission boy, to see what was wrong.

He came back reporting that a large number of our Indian brethren were over there in jail and that they had had no food for five days. Belle at once made a large pot of *chunu* soup. Pedro took it over to them and was allowed to go into the jail with it, but he was not permitted to come out again. It was only after hours of interceding and pleading with the authorities that I secured the release of the Indians and Pedro.

When they came over to our place, they were happy in spite of the sad tale of persecution they had to tell. They grieved over losing their Bibles, but could not thank us enough for the soup. After we had prayed with them and encouraged them, they went back to their homes, praising God.

White Without and White Within

BAPTISMAL day had great meaning for both the Indians and the workers planning the ceremony. We had learned by experience to organize these occasions well; when I was new in the field, we once found to our surprise and consternation that more people had been baptized than the number we had listed as candidates. The Indians were enthusiastic about being Christians, but I was determined never to let a slip-up like that occur again.

We had cards printed with twenty numbers on them, corresponding to the doctrinal topics being presented in the baptismal classes. These cards were

punched twice, first when all the subjects had been completed by the individual preparing for baptism, and later when the mission director examined him to see how well he understood what he had studied.

Since a baptismal class never contained more than twenty persons, it was sometimes necessary to form several groups in some communities. These met regularly, and anyone expecting to be baptized was required to be present. On his card a careful record was kept of his attendance.

Before the date set for the baptismal service, I went personally to the place where it was to be held and spent two or three days, or even more, examining the candidates. With the mission director and from two to four Indian deacons in the room, each candidate was questioned individually. His knowledge of the Bible subjects taught him was tested and his Christian life and example reviewed. The deacons testified regarding his church attendance as well as his general conduct and signs of repentance. We determined to do this work carefully and thoroughly.

The place of baptism was selected and prepared the day before the service took place. A creek or the edge of Lake Titicaca was used, for baptisteries were unheard of in our churches at this time. Near the water's edge stood the mission station director, who examined the card presented by each candidate to

see if all the subjects had been checked and if the person had been accepted in his final interview with me. Only those meeting all these requirements were allowed to go forward in baptism.

In the water two deacons stood back of me and two in front to assist. There was a constant stream of candidates entering and coming up out of the water, with no waiting between each one.

On the morning of the baptism the Indians came over the mountains from every direction. Some walked fifteen or twenty miles, but all were happy, singing and praising God for what Jesus had done for them. They were dressed in their Sabbath outfits and carried packs on their backs, containing the new clothes they had prepared for the occasion, their Bibles and songbooks, and their shoes, which they put on before entering the church. Both women and men wore clothes predominantly blue in color, and the women used a blue shawl over their heads as well. But their faces impressed me most. Gone was the old sad look of discouragement, and in its place the beauty of the love of Jesus shone from each countenance.

When the candidates went down into the water, they were dressed in their ordinary clothes. They understood that they were burying the old man of sin with the evils of their past life and that when they arose from the water they would be new crea-

tures in Christ Jesus. Since they would be new creatures, they felt they must be new all over. So they prepared a new outfit which was put on when they came up out of the water. After the baptism was finished, the candidates were a beautiful sight in these bright, unfaded garments, the blue of the men's suits contrasting vividly with the bright colors of the women's skirts. To them this change of raiment symbolized the new life they would now lead, free from all drunken feasts, dancing, alcohol, coca, and other evil habits.

After the baptism another meeting was conducted, in which the necessity of living a Christian life each day was emphasized. As Christ's representatives, they had made a solemn covenant to live for Him and work for Him, a covenant that was never to be broken. This was followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper, during which we endeavored to teach the blessed meaning of this symbolic service. Emphasis was placed on the fact that every sin should be confessed and all bitterness, envy, and jealousy put away before partaking of the bread and wine which represented Christ's broken body and spilled blood. It was a heavenly experience to join with these souls, newly born into the kingdom of God, as they participated in this sacred ordinance. The Lord's Supper was a very meaningful experience to them.

The meeting closed with each candidate being given the opportunity to tell about his Christian experience and his hopes for the future. During this testimony service we missionaries often felt the manifestation of God's power which regenerates lives and changes hearts. The dark faces before us, alight with the love of God and changed entirely from their old expressions, gave a better testimony than any words could ever establish.

These new converts loved to sing many of the old familiar hymns. "Jesus Is Coming Again," "The Coming King Is at the Door," and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" were among their favorites. I have never enjoyed these hymns more than I did when I joined in the ministry of music with my Indian brethren in the Andes. They often sang with tears running down their cheeks, for God had spoken to their hearts.

The day after the baptism was a busy one for the Indian converts. Feeling that they were really new creatures in Christ Jesus and that their old life with its deeds had been buried, they sensed the necessity of also transforming their homes as an indication of what had taken place in their hearts. They would move everything out of their homes and, making some whitewash of lime and water, use it on all the walls inside and out. When we rode across the pampas of Peru, we were thrilled to see these white

houses dotting the hillsides and the prairies, for each represented lives that had been transformed. It was an inspiring experience to be missionaries to these people. The difficulties and hardships vanished as we saw souls saved from the wickedness of the world and made whole and happy in Christ.

We did not regard our work as finished when we had baptized our converts, but followed a definite plan of visiting each one in his home at least twice each year and oftener if there were signs of backsliding. The percentage of those who remained faithful while we followed this program was very high.

Plank Seats Plus Unplastered Walls

THE work in the Lake Titicaca Mission grew so rapidly that we were continually meeting new situations and new problems. Perhaps the greatest of these was the need for a building in which to train our summer school teachers. With no settled place for conducting our summer schools, we were meeting great difficulties in housing and instructing the young Indian men who were usually our teachers. Since we were working in both Aymara and Quechua territory, our mission committee felt that this school should be located where it could easily serve both tribes.

After being authorized to look for a suitable site, I counseled with the different workers involved and selected a plot of ground near the town of Juliaca, Peru, about twenty miles from Puno. Located on the border between the Aymara and the Quechua Indians, it was in a pleasant valley lying at the foot of the mountains which bounded it on both the north and the west.

Our next problem was to erect suitable buildings. Very little money was available, but we felt we must go forward in faith. As adobes were the most common building materials and could be made quite cheaply, we decided to use them for the walls.

The Indian church members donated their labor in making these adobes. Each mission station director brought a crew of from thirty to sixty Indians from his area to work for one week. His wife would accompany him and help with making the *chunu* soup provided for the group. It was cooked in large galvanized iron washtubs and served by Indian girls. As much as possible, the whole project was made to seem like a picnic to those donating their help. Archie Field, a man of considerable experience in constructing buildings, supervised the plans. With thousands of brick finished and drying in the clear air, everyone became enthusiastic over the progress.

Experienced men were hired to build the walls, but the mission station directors brought another

round of workers to mix the mortar and transport it and the adobes to the bricklayers. Indian women as well as men helped in this work, carrying on their backs heavy loads of from fifty to seventy-five pounds. There was a constant stream of women and men coming and going.

When the walls had been erected, the Indians enjoyed passing by, for to them it was a grand structure and one in which they took particular pride because they had helped to build it. Since there were two stories and four large rooms on each story, it really looked big to people used to small one- or two-room huts.

Constructing the roof and obtaining the lumber for the floors was harder than making the walls, so Archie Field supervised the mission directors in this work. When the task was completed, people came from miles around to see the wonderful new building. Even the boys and girls who had had a part in helping to carry boards and corrugated iron roofing looked with pride at what had been accomplished. Sometimes we fancied the two mission mules we had brought up from Arequipa also assumed an air of satisfaction for their share in moving the heavy construction materials.

Though not all the interior finishing work was completed, we were able to use this new building for summer school the first year. Everyone could see

that there was going to be a real training school with commodious headquarters for summer classes, and the people were encouraged accordingly.

The problem of housing the students who came was met by building small apartments where each could live with his family. Since they were usually young married men, this seemed the best plan for their care. It was the one that had been recommended by those in general charge of our missionary program.

Bernard Thompson and his wife were secured to direct the new training school. It was a proud day for us in that field when they arrived and took over the work, living at first in one of the large classrooms because no other building was available. There was great rejoicing when school opened. Even though the furnishings were a bit crude—the seats merely planks with no back rests, the walls unplastered, and sleeping quarters primitive—neither students nor teachers permitted these conditions to hinder their zeal for their work, but co-operated willingly in doing their best with the equipment at hand.

Our committee felt that something should be done to teach more efficient methods of farming to the Indians as a means of raising the standards of living and producing food for all. They reasoned that if the Indian boys and girls attending the school could be trained in these methods they in turn would

carry this instruction home to their parents, helping them to produce more and live better. We were fortunate to have this need supplied by Clyde Miller, who joined the school staff and looked after the farm.

Clyde and I went to Arequipa to purchase farm equipment and some mules or horses. We found a team of big mules for sale, the largest we had seen for some time. They were not broken and were quite wild, which was probably the reason we were able to buy them at a very reasonable price. Pedro, the mission boy, offered to bring them overland across the mountains to Juliaca, a journey of several days. Everyone at the school was excited the afternoon of their arrival except the mules and Pedro. They were tired.

Clyde felt that the best time to break the mules was right then, while they did not feel so frisky as usual. After we managed to get them into the barn, by a series of awkward and clumsy maneuverings we finally harnessed them. Since we were all inexperienced in breaking mules, we thought we were really doing well when we had accomplished this much.

Hooking them to the wagon was the next project, a feat which took not a little planning and skill. By the time we succeeded in this, we had not a minute for thinking what to do next; for they were off with a bang, and all of us were hanging on for dear

life. Trees and stones were missed by breath-taking inches. Sometimes it seemed that only one or two wheels were on the ground and that the wagon would surely upset as we dashed across ditches and bumped over stones. A man on horseback rode along beside the mules with the hope of keeping them away from obstacles such as buildings and trees. They kicked, bucked, and snorted while Clyde clung stubbornly to the lines, his eyes flashing and his hair streaming. The rest of us almost squeezed holes through the sideboards with our fingers as we held on in a desperate sort of way.

It was a day of adventure and experience for both us and the mules. After they had spent a couple of hours trying every trick in their catalogue, they decided their capers were useless and settled down to a more civilized procedure; but those who took the ride will never forget it. In spite of their initial wildness, the mules made a wonderful work team and were a real blessing to our farm.

Our efforts to raise grain and vegetables were successful from the first, supplying more and better food for both our workers and the farm animals. The first crop of barley raised grew so high that it would hide a man walking through it. We built a six-foot wall of adobe around a space about 100 by 200 feet, thus providing an area protected from the cold winds but receiving the heat of the sun. Inside

this enclosure we had a garden that produced the best of vegetables. Students assisted with these agricultural projects, receiving experience while benefiting us all. Little by little we added to our facilities, and with the blessing of God our school grew.

It was a high day when we graduated our first class—four fine young men. While they had finished only eight grades of work, they had accomplished a great deal for that time, and the commencement service was an inspiration to other students. From here they went out in the Lord's service as teachers, evangelists, and office workers among their own people. Their influence did much to cause our mission work to prosper, and especially the teachers were a large means of harvesting new converts.

Along with these lines of work, attention was given to the medical phase of our message. Dr. Theron Johnson came to us from the United States to establish a small clinic at Juliaca, where he lived with his wife and little girl. We felt that this was a most important forward step in helping the sick and suffering.

Thus our work grew along the three great lines of God's instruction—evangelical, educational, and medical. The children of the proud Incas not only were being gathered into their heavenly Father's spiritual kingdom but also were being trained to enter His service.

The Mystery Note

A CALL came from the Indians of Piata, a valley on the shores of Lake Titicaca near the town of Huancane, urging us to establish a mission station and a school among them. Though we had been told that there were many interested Indians in that locality, we were hardly prepared for what we found when Jack Elvin, one of our mission station directors, and I visited the place to study the situation and recommend the course to follow.

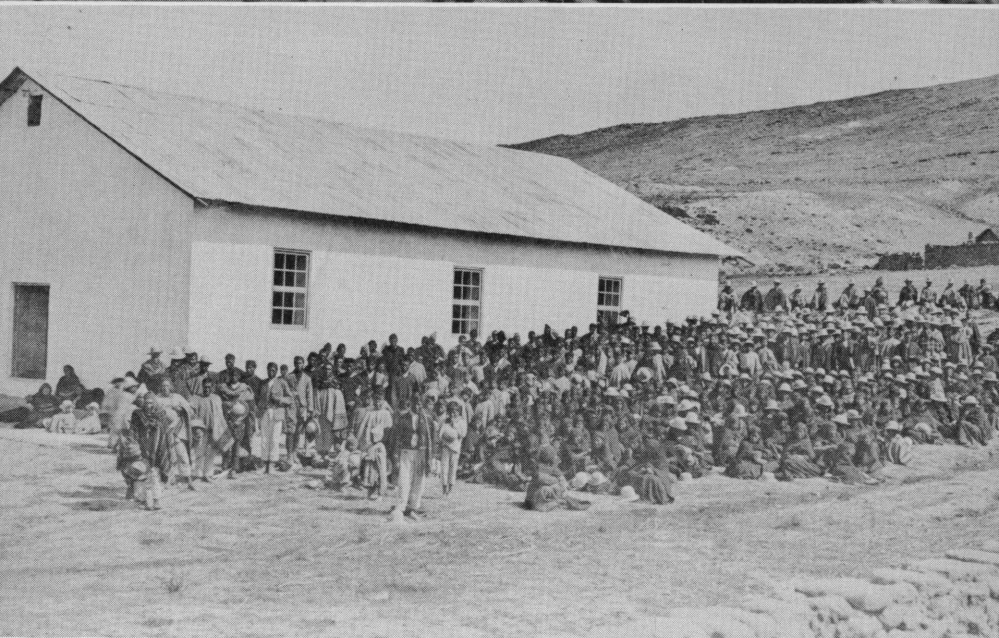
The first night after we arrived, we had a meeting with about two hundred Indians, talking to them of Jesus and His love as we always did when introducing our work, and singing several songs with them. When it was time to retire, we dismissed the

crowd and were shown to the room where we were to sleep.

Just as we were dozing off, we were told that a large crowd of Indians had arrived from another district and wished us to talk to them also. Arising, we held a second meeting, closing with several songs as we had done before. We had just gotten to sleep when a third fairly large group came, requesting that we talk with them as well. We got up for still another meeting, again concluding with several songs. Two more companies drifted in during the night, and we held two more services. They seemed to appreciate greatly our getting up to speak to them and to sing. Their pleas for a mission station in that vicinity were so heartfelt and convincing that the mission committee laid plans to establish a new station and school.

Soon burros and mules were traveling from Juliaca toward Piata with packs of lumber, nails, corrugated iron roofing, and doors to construct a dwelling for the missionary, a church, and a school building. The road was rough and stony, and sometimes a rope would break, making it necessary to load a mule all over again. There was great rejoicing among the Indians when they saw these materials arriving, and willingly they came from far and near to help make the adobes for the walls.

It was not long before Jack Elvin and his wife were able to move in and start their work as mission



Top: Lumber and roofing is carried to the Huancane Mission for a new church and school.

Bottom: Native group in front of the new building completed at the Huancane Mission Station.

directors in a new location. The Huancane Mission prospered from the first. But where God works, Satan also becomes busy trying to hinder and destroy. There were, as usual, those who were disturbed because so many Indians were accepting the faith; many were angered as their alcohol and coca sales diminished. Though aware of the tension, no one suspected the extent of the danger until in a few months the crisis came.

Jack was called to see a person who was sick, about a day's ride on horseback from the mission. The patient was so seriously ill that he tarried for several days, leaving Mrs. Elvin and their little girl at the mission station alone as far as other North American missionaries were concerned. The sun was sinking behind the hills on the second day of Jack's absence when Mrs. Elvin looked out a window and saw what appeared to be a mob of Indians forming on the hillside north of the mission station buildings. At first she was more curious than frightened, and kept watching. She soon saw, however, that a large group of Indians were coming down the hill toward the mission, obviously drunk, angry, yelling wildly, and armed with stones, sticks, and poles. In consternation she gasped, "What shall I do? What can I do?"

To leave the building and try to take refuge with the nearest neighbor was dangerous if not impos-

sible, for the house was half a mile away; nor was a horse or boat available for an attempted escape. As the mob kept coming nearer and nearer, the futility of her position pressed itself upon her, and in desperation she cried out, "Lord, what shall I do?"

Shots were fired, the yelling grew louder, and grave danger was imminent. Grabbing the baby, she shut herself in a room and, falling upon her knees before God, pleaded for divine protection. She felt Him to be her nearest and best Friend, and a sense of the sweetness of His presence filled her soul. How she longed to be closer and closer to God, even though death might be her lot.

While continuing to pray, she was impressed to look out the window. A horseman was riding at full speed down the hill toward the mob. When he reached the leader he handed him a note. Looking at it, the man became pale and shaken as he read these words in a loud voice: "If damage is done either to the missionary or his family or the buildings at Piata, you will be held responsible." It was signed by the governor of that district. While Mrs. Elvin watched, the mob was dismissed; they turned to go to their homes, as did the one who had incited the uprising. Again she prayed, this time with heartfelt thanksgiving to God for His marvelous protecting power.

When the news of what had taken place reached me in Puno, I rushed over to the Huancane Mission Station. Jack had just arrived home before I got there and had heard from his wife the news of her deliverance. He still looked wild-eyed and shocked, but was overjoyed because of what God had wrought. The three of us united in a praise service to the Lord. "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

Jack and I immediately thanked the governor at Huancane. After we expressed our gratitude to him for sending the note, he looked strange and seemed dumfounded. Finally he said, "But I never sent any note."

Jack and I gazed at each other in astonishment. When I could speak, I heard myself saying, "Then the man must have been sent by God."

I described the whole situation to the governor, leaving him surprised and perplexed. For a time this happening was the talk of the town, and our station enjoyed peace and prosperity, along with protection, because our enemies were afraid. We knew that once again God had met us in the Andes.

About a year after this experience, Mrs. Elvin became seriously ill. Our hearts were wrung with grief when she passed away and was buried in our training school grounds on top of a rocky hill. She was the first missionary to be laid to rest there; others



Top: The opening day of school was an important one. Families came from even distant parts, and the band played. The national hymn was sung, and words of courage and truth were spoken to them.

Bottom: Elder Wilcox conducts a baptism at Huancane. Two hundred sixty-two were baptized in one day.

have followed. Her grave marks the spot where lies a faithful wife and mother in Israel, awaiting the soon coming of Jesus.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Schwerin took charge of the Huancane Mission Station when Jack Elvin and his children returned to the United States. They worked faithfully to gather up the interests left by Missionary Elvin, developed new interests, and after a time reported to the office in Puno that they were ready to have a baptismal service. When I went over, I spent a week examining the candidates, for I found many asking for baptism. With this large group that had been prepared we laid plans for the service.

On Sabbath, June 11, 1921, I had the privilege of baptizing 262 Indian converts, the largest group we had had up to that time. We met on the shore of a beautiful running stream of crystal-clear water from the snow-capped peaks above us. In this cold mountain river I stood for over two hours before I finished baptizing all the candidates. By that time I felt as if I would never thaw out, but my heart was warmed with thanksgiving for having a part in this mighty manifestation of God's great power.

Those who had been baptized dressed in their bright new clothes afterward, making a beautiful sight. According to our regular custom, a testimony meeting followed, which proved to be a real inspiration. The good advent hymns were enjoyed and sung

with great enthusiasm by the group of new believers. We were thrilled because of the large number of men and women happy to leave the world and the things of the world. They were glad to be washed in the precious blood of the Lamb, and they expressed sincere thanks to God for victories gained. The demonstration of God's power that had marked the beginning of the work at that place was bearing fruit. Missionary Schwerin and his wife felt amply repaid for having left their homeland to carry the gospel to these neglected people of the Peruvian highlands.



Top: These two vicuñas insisted on visiting the Laro Mission Station every Sabbath. The Indians in the vicinity profited from their example and began attending the new Sabbath school.

Middle: This group of Indians met the missionaries at the Laro railway station. They assisted in finding a location for the Laro Mission, the first one established for the Quechua Indians.

Bottom: These two pet vicuñas entertained our Laro members long after the mission was well established.

The Cost of Being a Christian

MISSION work was carried on among the Ay-mara Indians several years before an urgent call came from a community of Quechuas, asking us to establish a station among them also. An Argentine worker, Pedro Kalbermatter, and his wife, both of whom were graduate nurses, volunteered to begin labor with this tribe.

Missionary Kalbermatter and I left Puno by train for the little station of Laro, where a large company of Indians were waiting to meet us. The minute I arrived, I became aware that a feeling of tension existed among the people gathered there. Grum-

bling could be heard because of the presence of so many Indians. Some thought an insurrection of the Quechuas was on. Under this situation it was not without an element of danger for two foreigners to identify themselves with the Indians. However, our mission was to help them, and we found their leader, who took us to the horses he had brought for us. We rode at the head of a yelling, laughing crowd; part of them were on horseback, and many followed on foot. We felt a certain amount of apprehension, having been warned that this tribe was wilder and harder to handle than the Aymaras.

First we were conducted to different places which the Indians thought would be suitable building sites. At each stop we were told the good qualities and special advantages of the location and were served hot milk as a refreshment and a demonstration of good will. I do not think I ever drank more milk in an afternoon, nor more kinds of milk. Finally we found a site which Pedro especially liked, a beautiful one by a small lake. There we staked out our mission station grounds. After talking to the Indians a little while about the value of a Christian education, we had prayer, thanking God for a prosperous journey and for those who wanted to attend school.

Pedro arranged to stay, beginning immediately to make adobes for the mission building. At first many Indians came to help him, and soon a little

house was erected where he and his family could live. He was a good worker, visiting the Indian homes often and enjoying the *chunu* soup which they liked to watch him eat. The Quechuas had heard a great deal about our efforts among the Aymaras, and many of them desired the same privileges as their neighbors. Pedro gave treatments to those who were sick with such success that his fame began to spread throughout the area. Meanwhile, construction on the church-and-school building progressed well, with many Indians helping to make adobes, mix mortar, and lay the brick in the walls.

No one foresaw the terrible sequel to these encouraging developments, for it was impossible entirely to understand the deep-seated enmity some of the people in the country had toward Seventh-day Adventists and toward any efforts made to improve the status of the Indians. The walls had risen to a height of about four feet when the Indians who were returning home from work late one evening saw that they were being pursued by armed horsemen.

Though they ran for their lives, many were overtaken, shot, and trampled by the horses. Some knelt pleading for mercy, but a gun was thrust into their mouths, and they were murdered in cold blood. Fifteen were killed that afternoon before the hour of terror ended.

This was a terrible blow to the work of this new mission station. As soon as word of the disaster reached me, I rushed over to counsel with Pedro about the future course we should take. First we arranged for the burial of the fifteen Indians who had been so unmercifully killed. It was heartbreaking to listen to the sobs and cries of the women and children as the men were laid to rest. I was led to exclaim, "It does cost an Indian to be a Christian. It costs to start a mission station in a new place—a price that must be paid in hours of tiring labor and too often in the sacrifice of human lives."

The purpose of this attack was to frighten the Indians around Laro so that they would not patronize our school, attend our church services, or have anything to do with our missionaries. For a time it seemed that the mission work in that place would be a failure, for the Indians were horror-stricken at what had happened. No one came to assist with the building, and no one visited Pedro for medical help or spiritual counsel.

Since the natives in Peru enjoyed little protection from the laws of the country at this time, one could not blame them for being alarmed. We were bringing the gospel of Jesus Christ to them in the midst of great perils. Even Pedro's life was threatened. One Sabbath morning he sat lonely and sad in his little house, as his family had not joined him because

of the threatening situation. Looking out a window, he was horrified to see a crowd coming toward the mission station, all on horseback and carrying guns. His heart sank. His first thought was to get his rifle and ammunition, and using the wall as a barricade, to defend himself as long as he could. That would not be long, for he would be one against many, and he would probably go to his death with the blood of several others charged to his account.

Then he remembered that it was the Sabbath day. Also he recalled Jesus' words, "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Quickly he dug a hole in the ground and buried his rifle and ammunition, then knelt and prayed that God would defend the mission and his life that day. By that time the men had arrived and were calling him, and like a true soldier of Christ he went boldly forth.

"What can I do for you today?" he asked the leader of the mob.

"We have come to notify you that you are to leave this community in one week's time, or your life will be in danger."

"I cannot comply with your request," Pedro answered. "I was sent here by One who has supreme power, One who rules even the sun, moon, and stars. I cannot retreat, but must follow His commands."

The leader spoke again: "Indeed you must leave. We demand that you go, for we will not have your

mission here. In one week we will be back, and if you regard your life, you had better be gone."

After the men had ridden away, Pedro went into his little house and thanked God that his life had been spared; he also asked for wisdom to know what further course he should pursue. When I was called again for counsel, we went over the situation carefully, praying earnestly for guidance. Pedro was a brave man, but he was disturbed, as any normal person would have been in such a perilous situation. Few would have manifested equal courage. Pedro had been a soldier in the Argentine army, and now he was a valiant soldier of the cross. Finally he looked at me and said earnestly, "Brother, I am going to stay here if it costs me my life." And stay he did. Though the mob that threatened him never returned, many tense days followed. For a long time he never knew what might happen, either day or night. His life was in constant danger. But still he stayed.

The Indians were more frightened than ever when they heard of the warning from the menacing mob. Not one appeared to help finish the school building, leaving poor Pedro to toil alone until the work was completed. A teacher was sent to join him in visiting the Indian families to look for pupils willing to attend the school. When the opening day finally arrived, only a few appeared. Such a small beginning

was discouraging, though the enrollment increased to fifty as time went on. Pedro also tried to start a Sabbath school, but nobody came to it. He could only pray and trust God for the future.

Then a strange thing happened. Pedro had two pet vicuñas, which stayed around their master, often going inside the schoolroom. This was much to the amusement of the children and the distraction of the teacher, who finally became so provoked that he drove them out of the building. The vicuñas, in turn, seemed disgusted also, for they left the mission grounds to live again in their native hills. They returned, however, to spend every Sabbath day on the mission. The Indians, in their simplicity, noticed and attached significance to this regular occurrence. They started to talk among themselves, saying, "If these vicuñas feel that the mission is a good place to go on the Sabbath, perhaps it would be for us too." Soon some of them began to wander over there on the Sabbath day. Pedro's faithful work finally bore fruit, resulting in the baptism of a large number of believers at Laro.

Trials and tests were not over for Pedro and his faithful wife, however. They had two boys, about four and six years old. One day Sister Kalbermatter missed them. She began looking and calling, but without results. Running down to the lake, she saw two straw hats floating on its surface. In terrible

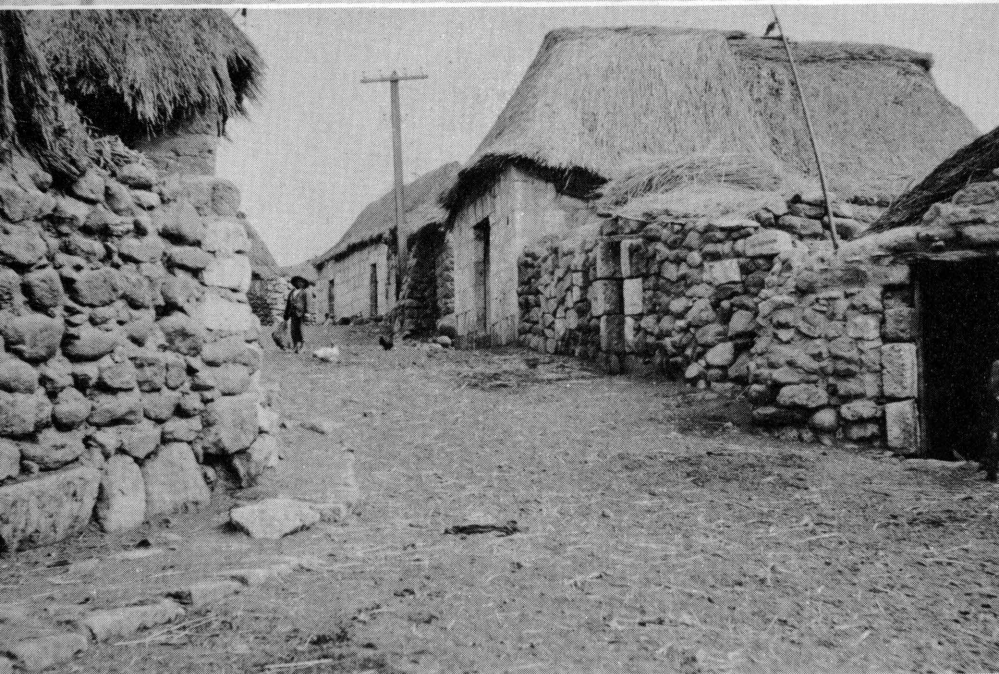
panic she peered closer into the water, and saw the two little bodies lying motionless on the bottom.

Without thinking of any danger to herself, she plunged in and pulled them out. Being a nurse, she knew how to give artificial respiration, and she began with one of the boys. Soon her husband joined her, starting artificial respiration on the other one. They had little hope, for they did not know how long their children had been in the water, and to all appearances they were dead. Still they continued to work, praying earnestly all the while. After a long time both children began breathing again. How grateful they were! They felt that God had signally blessed them in giving them back their boys and praised His name for it.

A Warning Voice Speaks to Me

DURING the years when we were connected with the Lake Titicaca Mission, we were associated with a wonderful group of workers, men and women who were not afraid to make real sacrifices for their God. Many of these were missionaries from the United States. Others came from Argentina, and a good number of native workers rendered splendid service.

When I came to this field, I found that the enemies of our work were active, often inciting the Indians to form mobs to intimidate our workers and destroy our mission buildings. One of the problems



Top: This is a typical family home in the Amazon basin. The balls are rubber ready for shipping. A leopard skin is in the background.
Bottom: This is a typical little Indian village in the highlands of Peru.

was to decide how best to protect ourselves in these emergencies. Should we carry guns and meet threats with firearms? Or should we depend on the armies of heaven to protect us? In these grave situations we were led to lean more than ever before in our lives upon the strength of the Almighty. As we put our trust in Him more fully, the opposition from the outside became less intense, but we all faced real danger and experienced narrow escapes.

The situation of the directors of the mission stations was especially nerve-racking. Hardly a week passed for years without word being passed along that a mob was forming to march on some station and kill the missionary. He lived in a constant suspense that was trying on his nerves, but was especially hard on his wife. Many broke in health, making necessary a return to their native land.

Our missionaries worked on the principle that they would go anywhere day or night to minister to the sick and suffering, whether the need was physical or spiritual. It made no difference from whom the call came, his position in life, his religion, or his attitude toward our mission work.

One morning word was received by one of our mission directors that a man living about a day's journey from his station was ill and wanted help at once. He saddled his horse and was off, carrying some fomentation cloths and other simple remedies

in his saddlebags. By evening he was at the man's side, finding him in a serious condition and suffering greatly. He worked that night, all the next day, and the following night before his patient could rest and be at ease. When he left, he refused to take any pay, as usual. We never charged for our services to humanity rendered in this way. The sick man insisted, however, on giving the missionary a pound of butter. This he received graciously, putting it in his saddlebags as he left for home. When he arrived there, he found so many things to do that he forgot about the butter.

The next day he saddled his horse again and with his wife came to our home in Puno. On arrival he opened his saddlebags to take out something for us, and there was that butter! His first thought was to give it to us, but when he found that it was melted and in rather bad shape, he threw it on the ground instead. The dog went over and began licking it. In a few minutes he was dead! Then the cat tried eating some of it and died also! The missionary had known that the man treated was a bitter enemy of our work, but hardly expected such thanks for benevolent service, even from him!

As a missionary rode away across valleys, rivers, and hills, or as he climbed mountains to minister to the needs of those in spiritual darkness, he had to leave his family in the care of his heavenly Father.

He had to be able to go on in the face of condemnation as well as approbation. Only heavenly zeal mixed with divine love could make a man into a missionary for God during those years. It can be truly said that though often threatened, no missionary or his family was destroyed by violence during those trying times.

My life while I was in charge of the Lake Titicaca Mission was very busy. It was necessary that much of my time be spent in the field, and little opportunity remained for office work. On many occasions duty required travel all or part of the night in order to keep up with my schedule.

It seemed that each time I returned to the office, duties were always crowding me, causing me to work many evenings until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. There was no other alternative; delay was impossible because of planned appointments that must be met. Belle was kept occupied during the entire day, for there were always sick people to care for and wounds and ugly sores to be treated. At almost every meal we had company. Since mission station directors lived out in lonely places, we considered it a privilege to welcome these men and their wives as guests in our home and at the office for a few days now and then. Many times there were as many as sixteen gathered around our table. Likewise, when I was in the field, the good meals and warm welcome

found at the various mission stations were like oases in my experience.

Our office might have been described as not much of a place, with little furniture and less modern equipment. Here H. M. Colburn, the secretary and treasurer, labored singlehandedly to keep things going. Together we did our best to help the people in our field to be of good courage. Often a trip was necessary; at other times a refreshing letter was all that was needed.

One evening after working in the office until twelve o'clock, I rushed down to the docks to sail across the lake that night. I had already bought my ticket and reserved my cabin, and the whistle was blowing for the boat to leave before I came on board. Walking through the dining room, I saw a man whom I knew was very antagonistic toward our missions, but I went over and greeted him in a friendly way before retiring to my cabin. There was no running water, so I called the steward and asked him to fill the empty water jar. As he started down the passageway, I saw him exchange a few words with the man I had just greeted, but I thought little of it.

The boy was gone entirely too long before returning with the water. I do not know what happened during this time and shall never know; but when I began to drink, I heard a voice saying to me, "There is poison in that water." The voice did not come

from outside, but seemed to be right within the room. Putting the glass down, I drank no more. I undressed for bed, but in no time at all I was deathly sick. When I tried to raise my hand to my mouth to induce vomiting and thus get rid of the water, I was so stiff and numb I could not move my arm. The only thing I could do was pray, and that I did, reminding God of His promise, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."

Soon I fell unconscious, and was in that state or asleep until eight o'clock in the morning. Though I was pretty stiff, I was able to get up and move around. When I went up on deck, I saw the man whom I knew was not my friend. He saw me too, turned white around the gills, and disappeared. I never knew, I never shall know, whether he was guilty or not; but I held nothing in my heart against him and only longed for his salvation.

Stoned and Declared Dead

AFTER the schools in our territory were all well organized and the children seemed happy in them, I felt that something should be done to improve living conditions in the homes of the Seventh-day Adventist Indians. I purchased an old-type projector that used large slides for showing still pictures, and equipped it with a carbide light. Next I found slides which showed homes with clean, not-too-modern kitchens. They pictured people eating at a table on which were healthful foods which might be obtained in these pampas. When I saw huts with no chimneys but with an open fire in the middle

of a room filled with smoke, and when I observed women whose eyes were inflamed and diseased because of years of living and cooking in such places, I was anxious to help the people see the value of making some changes. I had a definite conviction that instruction in clean and healthful living should be added to preaching the gospel of a Saviour from sin.

Early one morning I left my home in Puno and headed for the north side of the lake to visit the Aymara Indian schools. L. L. Clark, an associate in missionary work, accompanied me, as did Pedro, my mission boy. There was an extra packhorse for carrying the projector, carbide for the light, and other supplies.

Though we had schools among the Quechua Indians, they were less receptive to our message than their Aymara neighbors. All day we rode over high, grassy prairies, arriving at one of our Aymara missions just before sundown. As we approached the school building, we could see Indian huts with a few sheep nearby, dwellings of families who seemed to be living in quietness and comparative prosperity.

The Indian school children were leaving for home when we arrived. They poured out of the building quietly, as always, but their usually stolid faces broke into smiles when we told them there would be pictures that night. To them this news seemed almost

too good to be true, and they hurried faster than ever to share the thrill with their parents.

An elderly Indian brother invited us to spend the night at his home. He and his wife, with loving hearts, provided for us the best meal they could afford. Pedro dispatched three large plates of his favorite *chunu* soup. Any lack of appreciation for Indian cookery on my part was insignificant compared to our thankfulness for their gracious hospitality. After supper Pedro and I went to the school building to prepare the projector and screen for the evening program. We felt welcome and at home as we thought of meeting our Indian believers who shared with us the hope of Christ's soon coming.

Soon the pampas were alive with men, women, and children, dressed in their colorful clothes and headed for the school. The adobe bench built around the walls of the house was filled, many were standing, and the women seated on the floor covered the rest of the space. As we began the service, everyone joined in singing, "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring: Jesus is coming again!" The sound was carried over the peaceful prairies to the homes of those who did not come to the meeting. Pervading the whole scene was a feeling of calm contentment along with religious fervor.

The evening lecture began with the story of Jesus and His love, which through His death offers salva-



Top: An Indian and his llama, the beast of burden in Peru.

Bottom left: Poverty has taken a heavy toll; many in South America suffer from it.

Bottom right: Native women have become skillful at braiding their hair.

tion full and free to all. Pictures accompanied the story. We then told the people that since our bodies are the temples of the living God, we should keep them fit for Him to dwell within. We explained that as eating and drinking have much to do with health, our homes should be so arranged that our bodies can receive proper care. After this the slides of clean, neat homes were shown. Emphasis was placed on the fact that providing kitchens with a clay stove and a chimney going out through the ceiling would not be expensive. I felt from the discussion which followed the pictures that many would try to make the suggested changes. I learned later that they did.

After this long day of riding and work, we retired to a bed which consisted of a cowhide spread on the floor of tramped-down dirt and rock. However, it was made more comfortable by the love that provided it for us. We enjoyed the opportunity for rest, though we had a strange feeling that something was wrong. Every so often during the night we would hear a tin trumpet sound off in the distance, first in one direction and then in another. When I asked Pedro what it was all about, I found him as puzzled as I. I sensed danger and was disturbed, but I finally dozed off and slept very well. In the morning I asked our Indian host why the trumpets had been heard so often during the night. "I don't know, *evangelista*," he replied.

After a breakfast of hot sheep's milk we prepared our horses for the day's journey. My next appointment called for our heading toward the northeast. Our old Indian host insisted on our taking a southeast route instead, and Brother Clark and Pedro started off that way. It was with some effort that I finally persuaded them to follow me in the direction I knew I must go, for I had been over the road before.

We had traveled only a couple of miles when we passed a house by the side of the trail, and as we did so, someone blew a trumpet. I could not understand why this was done unless it was because of a sick person farther on, for during my last visit there I had pulled a number of teeth and given what medical aid I could to several people. Shortly we passed another house, and again a trumpet was blown. We wondered what it was all about, for previous experiences of having the enemies of our mission stir up the Indians against us made us feel apprehensive. Soon we saw people running down the hillside and acting very excited, a sight far from reassuring to us as we continued to make our way along.

Directly we entered a little village. Usually we would be stopped and asked to visit some sick people, but this time no one appeared. The silence seemed ominous. Not being quite sure of the road, we asked a man if we were going in the right direction.

"Oh, no," he replied. "You must turn toward the right." Heading that way, we reached a road, but a man living near it directed us to still another path, which we followed out of the village. At the time, I thought nothing of these confusing directions, though I noted that we were going down a little hill into a draw. As we started back up the hill, hostile-looking Indians suddenly rose up out of the crest above us, flanking us on three sides and leaving the only avenue of escape to our right. Stones began to come our way thick and fast. "Shove to the right," I called to Pedro, who was leading the packhorse. We turned that way and raced at full speed toward a river, hoping to cross it and escape the mob which was attacking us.

We got to the river all right, but the packhorse bogged down in the edge of it. As we lost valuable time shoving and pulling to get him out, we were again surrounded by the angry, yelling mob.

"Kill the *evangelista*! Kill the *evangelista*!" they shouted. Our situation was indeed precarious, for the river at that point made a sharp bend to the north, and we were hemmed in on all sides. We were again pelted with stones. Brother Clark almost fell from his horse when he was struck on the head, and Pedro and I received several less serious hits. I motioned to the mob in an attempt to calm them down so that I could talk to them, but I could see

murder in their eyes as they rushed toward me, grabbed my horse, and tried to pull me out of the saddle. An Indian with a club as big as a fence post came rushing toward me.

It looked as if our time had come. I breathed a prayer to God, pleading for protection. Just as it appeared that there was no hope, for some unknown reason, as though they were pushed back by an unseen hand, the Indians began to break away from the river, lining up in such a way that there was a pathway out of the crowd. Those with clubs stopped in their tracks. Where there had been shouts of rage, there was now complete silence.

"Come, Pedro, this way," I called as I spurred my horse into the open space that had been so unexpectedly provided. We had not galloped far before the load on the packhorse rolled down under him, making it necessary that we stop and put it back in place. Once more we heard the cry, "Kill the *evangelista*!" as the mob again came rushing after us. Our hands flew while we worked. Quickly the pack was moved and adjusted, and away we went, leaving the yelling Indians behind us.

When we were out of sight, they lost their enthusiasm and returned to their homes. They took a report back to the old Indian in whose home we had spent the night that they had killed the *evangelista* and left his body in the corner of the river. The poor

old man, with other grieving Indians, went to the place designated and searched long for our bodies. Not satisfied, he walked for four days until he found us, wanting to make certain of our safety. How overjoyed he was to see us alive and well!

Knowing the report might reach Belle that we had all been killed, I stopped at the first telegraph station along the way and wired her, assuring her that all was well. As I thought of the danger we had escaped, I praised the Lord for His wonderful care. There is no protection so great or so powerful as that which God gives us. There are no weapons that can penetrate that power, no armies or mobs that can stand against it. Like Jacob, I was certain that God had been in that place and that I had seen a manifestation of His saving strength. I felt a greater need than ever before of living each day and each hour so that I could continue to be surrounded by the invisible armies of Heaven.

Motorcycles in the High Andes

AT THE Lake Titicaca Mission one of our main problems was getting from place to place in our spacious, sparsely settled field without using too much time. A motorcycle company offered to furnish us motorcycles at wholesale prices, and I purchased one. When the mission station directors, all young men, saw me riding my neat red bike, several of them followed my example. The roads we could use were just trails, rough and rocky ones at that, but we were young and adventurous and rather enjoyed a few spills. To sail along faster than a galloping horse gave us such a thrill that we never gave

a thought to the times we had to push our machines by hand over the rough places.

About this time Elder M. E. Kern, from the General Conference, paid us a visit and accompanied me on my motorcycle to the Pomata Mission Station and back, a distance requiring about a day's journey each way. He was a good sport and did not complain, though he had a hard, bumpy ride sitting behind me. When the road became mountainous, rough, and stony, we had to dismount and push. Somehow I felt that he enjoyed the walking and pushing more than the riding. On the trail were places which were simply narrow llama paths worn deeply into the mountain with steep sides. I had to throw up the footrests, step on the gas, and plow through. About sunset we were near the Illave Pampa Mission, but it was not in sight. When I stopped to get my bearings, Elder Kern inquired anxiously, "Are you lost?"

"No, I am not lost," I answered. "I just don't know where the mission station is." But after looking around a bit longer I located a dim path, which we followed. Soon we found ourselves resting in the missionary's home. It was a hard trip for Elder Kern, but he never said a word that would sound as if he were not satisfied with it.

One day three of us planned a visit to one of the mission stations. We left Puno with Belle sitting

back of me on the motorcycle while the mission boy rode on the gas tank. As we crossed a rather wide and level meadow, a herd of wild cattle who took offense at my red machine and the noise it made headed our way.

Belle punched me in the ribs and said urgently, "Step on it, Harry; the cattle are coming. Remember, I'm back of you." I stepped on it, and we sailed away faster than the cattle could follow. Soon they gave up chasing us, and we continued on our way.

On another occasion the mission boy was riding behind me when a dog came running out to see about the strange new beast. He took a good whiff of the exhaust and fell over dead. I do not know whether he died of heart failure or of gas fumes, or whether he just was not a very strong dog and had picked that moment to die. But his Indian owner definitely did not like my dog-killing machine. It took me quite a while to get his nerves soothed enough so that I could leave him feeling friendly.

Crossing streams was another problem when we used motorcycles. Often there was no road leading down to a ford, and no ford; we had to take a thrilling ride down a steep bank while wondering how deep the water was going to be. The bed of the stream was usually filled with stones which made the machine slip and slide. By sticking a foot into the water we could stabilize the motorcycle enough to



Motorcycling gives the missionary a unique method of traveling and one which affords plenty of thrills. The Wilcoxes were the first to use motorcycles in the Lake Titicaca region.

keep it from falling over when the going got rough. To keep the carburetor from filling with water, we tried to maintain a fair rate of speed, enough so that the front fender would throw the water aside and we could avoid stalling in the middle of the stream. Once across, the problem of getting up another steep bank remained to be solved.

Guy Mann, one of my fellow missionaries, and I were the first to ride motorcycles on the streets of Cuzco, an ancient city once peopled by the Incas. Accompanied by our wives, who rode behind us, we drove up to the throne of the Inca and around the wall surrounding the city. No one had ever traveled from Puno to Cuzco by motorcycle before we made this trip. Since we had found it quite rough going, we sent one motorcycle and our wives back by train, and the two of us returned on one machine.

As there were no roads to follow, we looked for paths and used the railroad whenever it seemed safe. Near the end of our journey, after we had crossed a wide and deep stream, we rode up the bank into a little village. We found three men standing at the entrance with revolvers in their hands. The setup looked strange, but we did not know anything to do except to salute them and go on.

We were hardly past when Guy tapped me in the back and said, "Step on the gas. I am on behind." Just as I whirled around a corner, we heard a

shot, but we did not stop to investigate. We rushed through the town and took off down a little trail on the other side.

Later we learned that an incident of some kind had taken place in the village and government officials were expected to arrive to look into the cause of the trouble. We were glad we got away, for the men seemed inclined to shoot first and ask questions afterward.

Motorcycles speeded up our travel and made our work somewhat more efficient, but many of the roads we had to use were impossible for anything but horses. Still, we felt that our experiment paid in many ways, and we did not mind the numerous spills and thrills.

From the Andes to the Amazon

IN 1924 Belle became ill, and Dr. Theron Johnson, our mission medical director, felt she should move immediately from the high altitude. He counseled us that a wait of even a month might be disastrous, so we bade good-by to Peru and took our furlough in the United States.

When we reviewed our experiences in the Lake Titicaca Mission and thought of the hundreds of our Indian brethren who had learned to love and obey God as well as to trust and love us, our hearts were torn. We too had learned to trust God as never before while we traveled up and down the slopes of

the Andes. More than once He had rescued us from grave perils and had given us fruit for our labor. More than three decades have passed since that time, but still we can testify that the strenuous years spent on the shores of Lake Titicaca were in many ways the best of our lives.

While on furlough I attended Walla Walla College, finishing my theological course. Here our little Wilbur was born. He was with us only a year, just long enough to become very precious to us. We laid him to rest in a lonely grave in Argentina soon after returning to South America. God saw fit that we experience this bitter loneliness as many other missionaries have done. With breaking hearts we bowed our heads in submission, knowing that God's ways are best. Angels marked that distant spot and soon will bring our dear one to our arms again. May the Lord hasten that day!

Northern Argentina, where I was asked to take charge of the work, is a country much like the great Midwestern grain belt of the United States. The section where I labored was largely settled by German immigrants. I struggled to master the language so that I could talk to the church members in their own tongue. The greatest problem we encountered the first year we were there was caused by a plague of locusts; they destroyed the wheat and corn crops and even ate the bark off the trees. The farmers had

practically no income, and the decrease in tithe made it impossible to balance our conference budget. The deficit amounted to 45,000 Argentine pesos, a great sum for those days.

We went to the local churches in this emergency and pleaded with our members to be faithful in every Christian duty. Emphasizing especially the shortage of tithe, we urged that every small amount paid would help keep the work going, and we reminded them of God's promises given to those who carefully return to the Lord His own. They responded more enthusiastically than we had dared hope, some even borrowing money to pay up back tithe. Thus we were able to meet our obligations every month and were a little ahead at the end of the year. But we walked literally by faith, for we never knew where the money for the next month would come from.

It seemed all too soon that I was called to take charge of the East Brazil Union. The headquarters for this extensive field were in beautiful Rio de Janeiro, the most scenic of South American cities and among the largest, with over two million inhabitants.

As soon as I arrived to take over my duties, I found that plans had been made and money provided to construct a new office building and homes for workers. The union committee began at once to select the type of buildings they desired and to en-



Top: Tapirape Indian boys dance in a ceremony in which they are considered as gods from another world. Elder Ennis Moore is in the background.

Bottom: Traveling in a dugout, visiting in the interior of Brazil, Elder Wilcox is accompanied by Elder C. L. Bauer, Elder Ennis Moore, and others.

gage a contractor. When completed, these buildings were a great blessing to our missionaries. They were located in the lovely suburban city of Niteroi, just across the bay from Rio de Janeiro proper and about a block from a large bathing beach. Such homes help our workers in foreign countries to stay in the field longer and to do better work while there.

The territory of the East Brazil Union comprised an area nearly as large as the United States west of the Mississippi River. It ran from Rio de Janeiro to the northern boundary of Brazil; from Peru on the west over all the Amazon Basin to the coastal states in the eastern part of the continent, and on the south to the states of Minas Geraes and Espirito Santo in Brazil. To go by coastal steamer from Rio de Janeiro to Belem at the mouth of the Amazon River occupied fifteen days, while from Belem up the Amazon by river boat to Peru took from twenty to twenty-five days.

We found that much of the territory was covered by tropical rain forests and inhabited by tribes of Indians, many of whom were practically untouched by civilization. Along the eastern coast the cities were modern and growing rapidly. Industries of different categories were being established and were flourishing in their infancy. Rural districts were becoming inhabited. Fruits of different kinds abounded—oranges, bananas, native cachous, and many other

varieties that we learned to enjoy greatly. Truly this was a country abounding with many wonderful fruits and vegetables. Brazil nuts grew along the Amazon River, where I have seen shiploads of them on their way to the United States. Green coconut juice made a delightful drink, and many were the places where it could be obtained. The children enjoyed ice cream tinted with assai fruit, which gave it a deep red color.

While some portions of Brazil were quite thickly populated, other parts were sparsely settled. The section that we worked included the picturesque city of Rio de Janeiro and other prosperous and growing cities, as well as large areas of practically uninhabited lands. In the latter places communication between settlements was generally not good. The whole Amazon Basin had scarcely been entered by our missionaries, and many of the Indian tribes had never so much as heard of the true God. This field was a real challenge to me and my associates. We gave careful study to the territory and its needs with a sincere desire to remedy the situation.



Top: A Caraja Indian graveyard along the Araguaya River, Brazil, South America, is quite different from those in North America.

Bottom: Elder J. L. Brown, Brother B. Michilis, and Elder Wilcox travel up the Maues River, visiting and telling the gospel story.

Saved by a Snake

AS Elder J. L. Brown and I were going up one river, traveling in a rowboat and visiting the people along its shores, we had an experience which showed how the Spirit of God works with hearts in the isolated places of earth. We were impressed to stop at a certain home, where we followed our usual custom of first saying a few words on present-day topics and then drifting into our favorite theme, the love of Jesus and His second coming. As the people seemed attentive, I began reading from the Bible, explaining the preparation necessary to be ready for this great event. Among other things, I read the Ten Commandments. When I came to the fourth, the man looked surprised.

"Does the Bible teach that the seventh day is the Sabbath?" he demanded excitedly.

"Yes, it certainly does," I replied.

"I have been keeping that day as sacred for two years," he continued. "I did not know that anyone else in the world was regarding it that way."

"Thousands of people worship on that day," I explained to him. "It is the day God has commanded us to keep. *Señor* Brown and I are Sabbathkeepers, and so are all Seventh-day Adventists."

He then told us this strange story, which explains how he began to keep the seventh-day Sabbath:

"My wife and I were gathering firewood away out in the forest on the seventh day of the week. I picked up a stick, failing to see a snake coiled by the side of it, and the snake struck my hand. Since it was a very poisonous snake, I could expect to die in a few hours; very likely I could not get back to my home alive.

"When I began to talk to my wife about what she could do with the place, our children, and herself, she turned to me and said, 'Isn't there a God somewhere who can help us?'

"During my life up to that point I had never given much thought to God or to religious things, and I replied, 'I don't know of any.'

"'There surely must be One somewhere,' she stated with conviction. 'Let us ask Him for help.'

"We knelt down in the grass right where we were and turned our faces toward the sky, feeling that somewhere in that great open space above there must be a Guiding Hand that controls the heavens and the earth. Over and over again my wife pleaded with much earnestness and emotion, 'Dear Ruler of the great above, please help us. Please keep my husband from dying. Please, dear heavenly Being, don't let my husband die.'

"God must have heard that request, for my hand never became swollen, nor was there any more pain. Gathering up the wood, we returned to the house. I could hardly believe my eyes or myself, but something had happened. I was dumfounded.

"We rested on the seventh day faithfully for some time, regarding it as sacred, although we did not know that it was a religious day for anyone but ourselves. After a year or so I began to be careless and went out to get grass for my cattle on the seventh day. Imagine my feelings when I narrowly escaped a bite by another snake just like the one that had attacked me before. Gathering up the grass I had cut, I took it to the animals and hurried to tell my wife what had happened. Because of this experience we remembered our vow not to work on the seventh day of the week.

"We were so happy and thankful that again we knelt down, looked up into the sky, and thanked the

Supreme Being who had saved my life the second time. Our promise was renewed that never again would we work on the seventh day, but would always regard it as sacred.

“How glad we are that you have read to us from God’s Word the precious Sabbath truth. We now know why God saved my life, and why we have been impressed to keep holy the seventh day. Thank you for stopping in our home to give us this great light on God’s true Sabbath, the day we will always keep.”

We were amazed at the story and thrilled when we learned how God had prepared this family to become acquainted with Him. Our hearts burned within us as we thought of His miraculous power exerted for the salvation of these simple seekers after righteousness. Truly this was a wonderful day for us all. Restless nights and meager accommodations no longer seemed hardships as we realized what a privilege it was to have a part in a missionary journey planned by God. After spending a few hours with this family, we went on our way, rejoicing and praising God for the marvelous way in which He had led us.

Let me tell you how God worked in another instance. A tribe of Indians live in the northern part of the Amazon Basin, where the Lord gave the chief a dream. Being an honest man who was living up to all the light he had, he felt that what he had seen

came from a Supreme Being and should be obeyed. In the dream he was shown that the seventh day of the week is the true Sabbath, and that therefore it is holy and should be kept sacred. It was also revealed to him that fish which have fins and scales are clean and fit for food, but that the rest are unclean and should not be eaten.

He was so impressed by his dream that he immediately began to put into practice the things he had learned. Calling a meeting of his tribe, he told them everything, concluding with the decision he had made. They shared his convictions. When a missionary finally learned of these Indians and visited them, he found that God had gone before him. It did not take long to convince them that there is a true God, and to prepare them for living sincere Christian lives.

God could quickly finish His work in the earth, for He could cause even the stones to cry out in His defense; but He is waiting for human instruments to carry out His great gospel commission. It is His plan that we co-operate with Him as He opens the way before us. This He sometimes does in a miraculous way, as the foregoing true stories illustrate. Of this we may be sure: If we will but search for His precious jewels, He will go ahead of us; for with the command, "Go . . . and teach all nations," He gave the blessed promise, "I am with you alway."

Today a Day of Modern Miracles

WHILE in South America I learned to believe fully the promises of Jesus made when He was here with us: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mark 16:17, 18.

God's intervention for His children took place in our work when there was a dire need. These miracles were not done to make anyone appear great before his brethren, but rather to glorify God. To

recount them is a precious experience, for they prove the presence of the Almighty.

When our work was opening up in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, our colporteurs were in constant danger. As they entered a town and began to sell books, many times almost before they got started, false reports began to spread, and a mob would form to drive them out. Sometimes they were stoned or cast into jail and left to suffer, provided only with a miserable bed and scarcely anything to eat. Paths of duty often led over dangerous mountain trails, with a burro carrying their books. A burro belonging to one colporteur I knew missed his footing and landed in a roaring stream a thousand feet below, leaving his master without books or a way to continue his work. Rivers which had to be crossed were often deeper than the colporteur expected, and it was not uncommon for their books to get wet. On every hand there were trials. Sometimes it was even necessary to pass through robber-infested territory as they carried truth-filled literature to those in darkness. Still, with faith and courage onward they went, not fearing even death.

A colporteur who was delivering his books one night recalled afterward that he had felt a special assurance of the presence of God as he had gone about his work, an assurance which had cast out all fear. He understood the reason for this when he later

visited a jail and met a criminal who called him by name, saying, "You are the man who passed that mountain road some time ago delivering books, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "I was on that road."

"I watched you," the man in the cell continued, "for I was hiding nearby, but I feared to touch you because of the two strong men walking with you. May I ask who they were?"

"I did not know anyone was with me," the colporteur said in surprise. "The two men must have been angels, for 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' "

One day when Belle was downtown in the city of Rio de Janeiro, the streets were crowded because the great carnival festival was on. This was a celebration lasting three or four days, in which everybody went wild, dressing in all kinds of peculiar costumes and parading up and down the streets. At this time something must have happened, for all at once she found herself in a jam, with men, women, and boys pushing wildly from different directions. She was about to be crushed and could see no way out. Suddenly two men appeared by her side, and one of them said, "*Señora*, we will help you."

When she had reached the outside of the crowd, she turned to thank the men, but no one was there.

She will always believe angels were sent to protect her on the streets of that foreign city. God does have a care for those who love Him, giving heed to their faintest cry.

An unusual experience once came to Elder H. G. Stoehr and me when we were working together with our churches in Brazil. In a rather isolated locality we found a company and decided to stay for a week or more, going from house to house visiting the members, studying the Word of God with them, and praying with and for them. This seemed most important, for we could see that the spiritual condition in that place was not good.

During the services on the last Sabbath of our stay a woman fell prostrate to the floor, causing a real disturbance as she was carried out. This took place just at the time when we could see that the Spirit of God was speaking to the hearts of the people, which indicated to us that Satan was determined to spoil the effect of the meeting. In the afternoon the power of God came in again, with more real victories gained. Up to this time it had seemed that there was a wall between us and the people, but now the Spirit of God was penetrating it, and for this we thanked and praised Him.

When we had finished our public work for the afternoon, we went to the home of a family who had attended only one or two of the meetings, but who

were church members. We longed for the Spirit of God to touch their hearts and give them a new experience also. As we walked inside the door, a horrifying sight met our eyes. Two strong men were trying to restrain a girl of about seventeen years of age, and were finding it almost impossible. She was frothing at the mouth, her hair was falling over her neck and face, and her eyes were glaring wildly.

One of the family said to me, "Can you tell us what is the matter with her?"

"She is possessed of the devil," I answered. "Let's kneel in prayer."

All knelt, and we prayed most earnestly that the devil might come out of her, presenting our petition in the name of Jesus. The moment that name was pronounced, she became quiet and was soon weeping with weakness and embarrassment. In a little while she was able to tell us what had happened.

"My mother, who is a Seventh-day Adventist, began going to spiritistic meetings, and sometimes I accompanied her. The evil spirits began to torment me, making me miserable and frightened. Once they forced me to throw myself into the river so far out that I almost drowned. Another time they tried to make me jump into the fire. Today when I saw you coming toward the house, I felt the evil spirit enter my body. The devils made me act as I did. If I could only get away from them!"

We sat there and read to her and to the others present what the Word of God says concerning the evil spirits, and we exhorted her never to return to any spiritistic meeting. She made a new beginning in her Christian life that day and, so far as I know was never again tormented by evil spirits.

The family whose house we were in was greatly blessed also that afternoon. They were impressed as they saw the mighty power of God demonstrated and felt the need of resisting Satan and of following the blessed Master more closely. We had some precious seasons with this family and other members of the church in that place.

These wonderful experiences are not confined to the mission field alone. A miraculous answer to prayer came to my wife and me after we had returned to our native land and were doing pastoral work in one of the northwestern states. A man lay dying with what had been diagnosed as incurable cancer. A Christian he was, full of faith and trust in God, but in his great pain it seemed to him that he had reached the end of life's journey unless the Lord should see fit to do for him what doctors said was impossible. The situation was still more discouraging because one of his brothers had only recently passed away with the same dreaded disease.

One night his suffering was so severe that he felt he could endure it no longer, but while his mind was

clear, before submitting to a pain-relieving injection, he asked that Belle and I come and pray for him. Though it was midnight when he called, we were soon kneeling by his bedside in earnest prayer. Upon rising we saw at once that his eyes were sparkling and his face aglow.

"Brother, I am healed!" he cried with joy. "Praise God, I have no more pain! I am healed! I felt the power of God go through my body! I am healed, thank God!"

Again we had a season of prayer, this time thanking the Lord for His healing power. The man was too weak to get up at once, but he never experienced any more pain; and when he went to his doctor for an examination a few days later, there was no sign of cancer. God had intervened.

A few years ago, at a camp meeting, a mother in distress came to us with her son, a small boy of a year and a half. He was lying in a baby buggy, so emaciated that he looked like little more than skin and bones. She had been to doctors and had tried many things, but nothing seemed to help him. In her distress she desired us to pray for him, feeling that if the Lord did not overrule she would lose her child. Taking her to a corner where we could be alone with God, we prayed for healing if it would be to the glory of His name. Right at the time no visible signs of change appeared, but two years later, when

we met the woman again, she asked, "Would you like to see my son that you prayed for?"

"Yes, we surely would," we answered.

All smiles, she led us to her boy. There he stood, a strong, healthy child with no sign of sickness or disease.

"From the day prayer was offered for him, he has grown steadily better," said the mother. "He began to eat right away; you can see what he is now."

These miracles, when they take place, encourage us; for by them we have evidence of God's continuing presence, whether they occur in our own land or in the mission field. God is the same everywhere. His power is just as great in India, Africa, along the Amazon, or in the United States as it was in Galilee. We must never feel that the day of miracles is past. Each time a life is changed from that of a sinner to a saint, a mighty miracle has taken place, for man of himself cannot make this change.

Feast of the Fish

THE South Brazil Union Committee planned to develop the work of God in the highways and byways, in the isolated places as well as the large cities. With things going well in the centers of civilization, we decided to give study to distant parts of our field. C. L. Bauer, treasurer of the South American Division, and Ennis V. Moore, president of the Sao Paulo Conference, joined me on a trip down the Araguaya River to visit our mission stations, intending also to study the advisability of opening a school among the Tapirape Indians.

From Sao Paulo, Brazil, to the Araguaya River we rode in an old car over a road that could hardly be graced with that name, especially toward the latter



Top: A Tapirape Indian and his wife.

Bottom: The missionary group travels on the Araguaya River in Brazil.

part of it. At first the journey was delightful, for we passed through beautiful fields of cotton, corn, and barley, and large coffee plantations. Through the whole state of Sao Paulo we were able to travel at moderate speed, but after we entered the state of Goyaz, the road became worse and worse, making our car groan and grumble. Before reaching the city of Goyaz, we came to a paved highway, if one can call round poles laid together across the road a pavement. We were glad when that ended because more bolts seemed to be loosening up with every yard we traveled.

Entering the quaint old city, we introduced our car to cobblestone streets, which served in an astonishing way to bring out new sounds and more squeaks. Our attention was drawn to the many women with jars on their heads. We learned that there was no water piped to the houses, but at certain places running water was provided for filling the jars the women were carrying home for domestic use. Some had five-gallon cans, while others were using large earthen jars, and all were most adept at balancing them on their heads.

When we left Goyaz, we found ourselves in a dense forest which was to stay with us until we reached the Araguaya River. The rough road surpassed anything we had ever experienced. Our old car fell into chuckholes that seemed to make the

frame literally cry out in angry tones. Elder Bauer looked at Elder Moore every now and then and said, "Ennis, will we make it? Do you suppose things will hold together until we get there?" The driver braced himself and hung on to the steering wheel with a tenacious grip, his eyes staring wildly at the rugged terrain supposed to be a road. The passengers were thrown from one side to the other in rapid succession. We did not travel very fast, but excitement reigned most of the way to the Araguaya.

Arriving at the river, we spent the evening loading the mission launch with food and necessary supplies, such as gasoline, oil, and tools. Everything was checked and rechecked to make sure that all was ready for an early start the next day.

Ernesto Bergold, a thin, wiry Brazilian, and his blonde, active, and very new wife, accompanied us—he as pilot and mechanic and she as general caretaker and cook.

Early the next morning we were all in the launch headed down the Araguaya River, beginning a trip that was to take about twenty days. The weather was perfect, and much time was spent looking at the tropical forests lining both sides of the river. Our eyes feasted on the magnificent trees and the interesting varieties of underbrush, on which we could see bright-colored birds of different species singing, chirping, and flitting swiftly in breath-taking beauty.

Other kinds of wildlife continually attracted our attention. In open places a huge buck or doe often eyed us curiously while a nimble, timid fawn dashed away in fright.

When night began to fall, we stopped and made our beds on a smooth sand bar. Looking up into the heavens, we could see the North Star and the Big Dipper, which is visible here only part of the year, and it gave us a homesick feeling as we thought of our loved ones back in the United States. But it was pleasant to contemplate God's outer world, letting our imaginations dwell on the time when we hope to accompany the redeemed throng on a marvelous journey from earth to heaven with Jesus as our guide. During the night a little crocodile came out to investigate who was trespassing on his sand bar, varying our peaceful situation with a bit of excitement. Somewhat distracting also was a tiger who insisted on screaming too often and too close for comfort. However, once we were asleep we rested very well, certainly better than we had anticipated.

It took three days to reach the first mission station on our route, Piedade, where Elder A. N. Allen and his wife were conducting a school. Everyone was standing at the edge of the water to greet us when we pulled into shore. Since this was our first introduction to the Caraja Indians, the sight interested us greatly. Elder Allen and his wife were

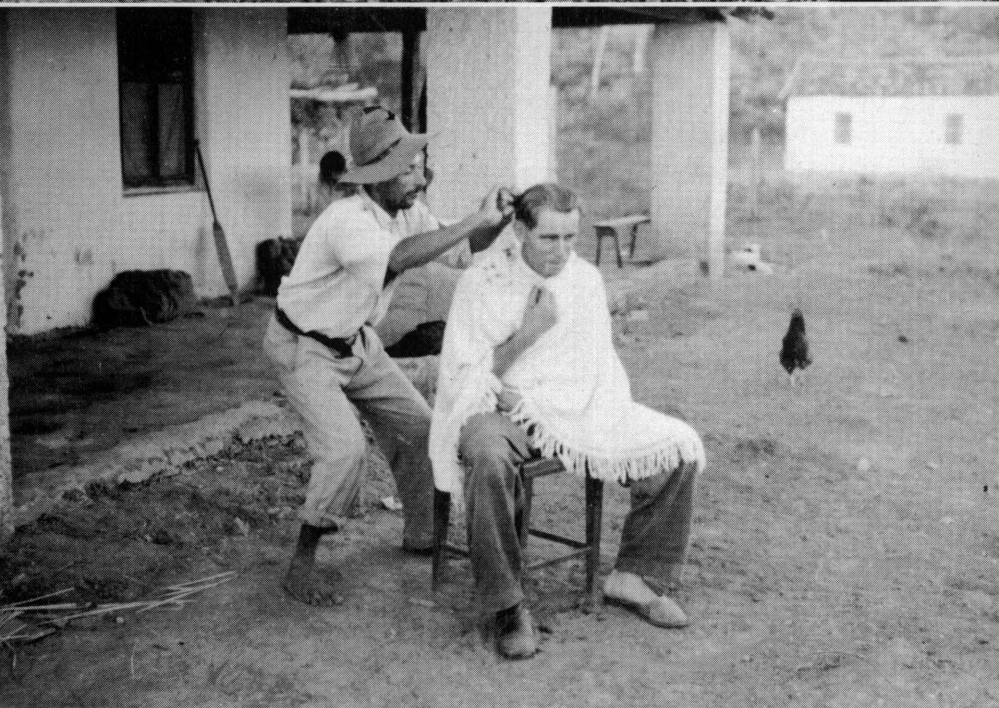
surrounded by men and women dressed in scanty clothing, and boys and girls who either wore nothing at all or had donned some old rag especially for the occasion. In the background we could see a neat schoolhouse along with Elder Allen's home, both well-constructed adobe buildings, behind which were Indian huts made much better than those characteristic of the tribe, because Elder Allen had personally helped in their erection. A thrifty-looking banana field and a bean patch with a pet ostrich wandering around in it completed the picture.

Leaving Piedade, we were four days reaching the next station, called Frontoura. The Brazilian worker, Antonio Pereira, and his loyal wife were carrying on missionary endeavors here, including a school they were conducting. A good number of students were being taught in this lonely, out-of-the-way place. As we neared the station, Antonio came down to the shore with his wife and a number of Indian boys and girls. We had to laugh at a goat which came tagging along with them, peeking around the rocks at us in a comical manner. Many Indians left the sand bar where they lived to come over and see the newcomers. This was a great day for all of them, because visitors rarely passed that way. A man in a rowboat dropped off the mail once a month unless he forgot to stop, in which case he brought it on his next trip, no questions asked or explanation given.

Mosquitoes by night and gnats by day pestered everyone. Carrying on a missionary program here was a real frontier experience requiring great courage and faith in God. The missionary family was surrounded by tropical diseases of all kinds, such as blackwater fever, malaria, dysentery, terrible ulcers, and other devastating ailments. And they knew that they were twenty days from any medical help other than what they could do for themselves. To bring a family into such a place required a sacrificing, Christian spirit.

We found Antonio and his family uncomplaining and happy in their work and full of courage in the Lord. They had erected neat buildings, dug a good well, and made a clearing where they were raising vegetables, such as beans and corn, and pineapples. The school was progressing nicely with a good number of students, and a little Sabbath school was also being conducted. Shortly after we visited them, blackwater fever took one of their family, a child of four years, adding a lonely grave to this solitary place. As we viewed their situation, we felt that we had not yet experienced real missionary life with its demanding privations, for what we had thought of as trials now seemed comparatively insignificant.

Antonio took us in his canoe to the place where he first started a school. As he paddled along past



Top: While a meeting was being held in a remote part of Brazil, some of the members slipped out and killed a leopard which had been attacking their cattle.

Bottom: A barber in the interior cuts hair crudely but effectively.

its mouth to cry, he put in a blue mud mixture he had concocted. It was sickening to watch the way the poor little creature was being treated. We learned the next day that the baby had died.

The principal festival celebrated by these Indians is the feast of the fish. On the evening preceding it all the young men go to a special building in the midst of their settlement, which they call the house of the god. In this no woman may look or enter, though it contains nothing but some grass skirts and other paraphernalia used for dancing. Here the young men don the grass skirts, put tall basketlike affairs over their heads, and dance all night long, making ugly guttural sounds that echo through the forest. Early in the morning they get into boats and head for some place where there is a little pool left by receding waters of the river after the flood season. A piece of a certain poisonous plant is thrown into the middle of the body of water, causing the fish to swim toward the shore. A great scramble follows as the Indians, who are standing in the water's edge, try to grab them with their hands and throw them out on the sand. When the catch is over, they load their boats and head for home.

Next they build a platform of small sticks, on which they place the fish without dressing or cleaning them in any way. Until the time arrives for lighting the fires in the late afternoon, flies swarm

over them as they lie uncovered in the hot sun. The people, young and old, eat nothing all day. The women and children do not dare touch the fish, and the young men sit or lie around, talking about their trip or catch of fish, or maybe taking a nap.

It is almost sundown when the last ceremony before eating the fish is celebrated. Though all the young men run to the house of the god, only seven of them take part in the actual ceremony. Six of these dress in dancing clothes, consisting of two grass skirts for each person. One skirt is fastened around the waist and falls to the ground; the other is tied around the neck and reaches down over the top of the first, and the tall basketlike hat covers the face entirely. When they are dressed, all six come dancing out in front of the people. Mothers tell their children that these are gods from another world, and indeed this seems to be the only god they know until they learn better from a missionary.

As the feast gets under way, the six Indian dancers move in pairs: two toward the house of the chief, two toward the house of the witch doctor, and two toward the house of the one sponsoring the feast. From each of these houses two teen-age girls dance in the direction of the young men. They are dressed in their festal costumes, which consist of designs such as stripes and pictures of animals painted on their bodies, and a coat of oil which makes their skin

glisten in the setting sun. When they meet the men, they present an earthenware plate with something like a pancake on it, a thank-you gift to their god for the catch of fish.

Next the seventh male participant, representing the devil, comes dancing forth from the house of the god, having his body painted black and wearing a G string for clothes. He carries a stick with three long prongs in one hand as he dances to the center of the grounds. In his other hand is an earthen plate, which he places on the ground, dancing around it several times; then he sits down on the sand some four or five feet away. Two girls again dance from the house of the chief, placing a pancake in the devil's plate. As the girls return dancing, the devil jumps up, dances around the plate several more times, picks it up, and goes dancing back to the house of the god. The ceremony is now over, and they are ready to eat the fish.

The men rush to the place where the fish have been roasting and, gathering them up, run to the house of the god with them. There they all sit and eat, pulling the fish apart with their fingers. Occasionally someone eats so much that he actually dies. The women get none of the fish unless some is left over and brought to them by their husbands or relatives. This means they may have to fast unless they have made other provisions for themselves the day before.

When a boy is introduced into manhood, there is a special ceremony for him. At the age of about twelve years he is permitted to become a member of the fraternity called manhood. He is made to sit on a low stool while his head is shaved with an old piece of tin sharpened for the purpose. Next his whole body is painted black, and a hole is punched in his lower lip with a sharpened bone. In this he can wear on dress occasions a stick made for the purpose, similar to the way men in this country wear a necktie. The black paint stays on for a year. He is then a man and can take part in feasts and dress in the grass clothes in the house of the god.

We enjoyed our stay at this station, visiting the Indians and learning of their customs. They needed the light of the gospel desperately. With a prayer for Antonio and his family, we departed to visit other needy tribes in that area.

Up the Amazon River in a Guayola

AFTER a careful survey of the great Amazon Basin and the need of doing aggressive missionary work in that vast territory, the East Brazil Union Committee placed a call for Elder John L. Brown and his wife to start active service with headquarters at Belem. This was truly a small beginning, but Elder and Mrs. Brown were already experienced missionaries; and the greatness of the territory, instead of baffling them, caused them to enter upon their task with increased courage and determination. Soon there were people in the city of Belem faithfully keeping God's commandments.

Too active to be tied down to just one city in such a challenging field, Elder Brown made a trip a thousand miles up the Amazon River as far as Manaus, selling books and getting acquainted with the people and conditions along the way. While returning to Belem, he stopped at a little town called Maues. After looking over the place, he was waiting for his boat to leave when he noticed a man standing by himself on the bank of the river. In missionary fashion Elder Brown walked over and made his acquaintance. The man, whose name was Michilis, lived on a little tract of land not far from there. Elder Brown gave him a small package of literature, and bidding him good-by, he boarded the boat for Belem.

A few days after his return home, he was surprised to receive a letter from Mr. Michilis, saying he had read the literature and was anxious for more instruction about religious things. Elder Brown wrote me of his experience, presenting the man's request for more instruction. As it seemed to both of us that God was opening the way for starting work farther up the great Amazon River, we arranged to make the trip together in order to study the field and at the same time to visit this interested man.

We took passage on a small merchant vessel that sailed up and down the Amazon, exchanging its cargo for livestock, coconuts, Brazil nuts, or any-

thing else valuable the people might have as it stopped for trade and traffic at every farmhouse along the banks of the river. This type of boat is called a *guayola*, which means "cage." Passage was cheap and travel was slow, but it was an excellent way to get acquainted with the Amazon. Our cabin on board was too warm to stay in during the night, so we strung our hammocks on the deck, sleeping in the open air.

As long as the vessel was in motion, this was a perfect arrangement; but if it stopped during the night, the big black mosquitoes came swarming in with their distracting serenade to stab us unmercifully. They could shove their long bills clear through our hammocks, making life completely miserable for us. As the engine of the boat was a wood burner, and the captain frequently was paid in wood for his merchandise, it was necessary to stop often to replenish the supply of fuel because of small sales.

When a stop was made for this purpose, a living chain of men passed the sticks of wood onto the boat. At the bottom of each cord were usually a number of snakes, some very poisonous, and I could not keep from cringing as I saw the men walk around them in their bare feet. The work of loading the wood ended in a snake-killing festival.

The scenery along the river constantly held our attention. The houses were generally far apart and

built up on stilts from four to eight feet above the ground, thus giving protection during the seasons when the area was flooded. We saw one home where water reached to about six or eight inches from the main floor, and standing in a rowboat which was tied to the house was the family cow, peacefully eating her ration of grass. At another place a cow was in one rowboat and the owner, anchored in another alongside it, was doing the milking.

As we traveled, we learned something of the greatness of this mighty river. Formed by the union of the Marañón and Ucayali Rivers, it is 4,000 miles long and varies in width from a mile in many places to 150 miles at its mouth. Of its two hundred tributaries, one hundred are navigable. Ocean tides affect the Amazon as far as 400 miles from its mouth. With a yearly rainfall of about 79 inches in that area and an enormous river basin of some 2,600,000 square miles of territory, it is not difficult to account for the vast amount of water it brings to the sea. There are 1,163 species of fish living in its waters, and thousands of crocodiles. Large schools of man-eating fish, called piranha, along with the multitudes of crocodiles, make swimming hazardous. In some places the river divides into channels, and then again it unites into one great stream.

Several days passed before we arrived at the little town of Maues, where we found Mr. Michilis wait-

ing for us in a rowboat, ready to take us to his home. A week of wonderful experiences followed. He and his family were ready and anxious to hear about the way of salvation and accepted every line of truth as fast as we could make it clear through the use of the Word of God. He invited his friends and neighbors in to the evening meetings. At the end of our stay we baptized Mr. Michilis and the members of his immediate family.

Like all really converted new believers, he was anxious to share his Christian experience with his friends. He asked us to accompany him on a missionary journey up the Maues River, offering to furnish the boat if we would go with him. This offer we accepted. Stopping at every house we saw on the river banks, we generally began our visit by asking for a drink of water, soon turning the conversation to the love of Jesus and His glorious coming in the clouds of heaven. Sometimes we would read from the Bible and have a word of prayer, after which we would sing a song of praise. The people had never had a visit like this before, and the story of salvation thrilled their hearts.

On up the river we traveled, sleeping not too comfortably in the rocking boat at night and stopping to see the families along the shore during the day until we finally ran out of anyone to visit. Mr. Michilis then told us that if we continued up the

river we would finally come to the land of the Maues Indians, and that he would guide us to them. This invitation we accepted because we wanted these needy people to know of the love of Jesus that they might have the opportunity to serve Him.

Pressing forward, we followed up a branch of the Maues River that led through brush and under trees full of monkeys who threw down coconuts and howled in unison as we went along. In some places the grass and undergrowth clogged the stream so completely we could hardly get through; it was indeed a wild and lonely place. When we came to the end of the stream, we tied up our boat and started along a path leading into the dense jungle. One tree under which we walked had in it a huge snake whose head hung down over the path. We almost ran into it, seeing it just in time to go around in safety. As it was too large for us to tackle, we left it alone, but this experience taught us that it pays to look up as well as forward and down.

After walking for a while we came into a little Indian village. Someone had seen us approaching and warned the people of our presence, and all had fled in fright. It occurred to me that it was better for them to be afraid than for us to have to run for our lives. When we entered the place, it was entirely depopulated with the exception of one man, who was having a hard time trying to get into the only

shirt in the town. The rest of the people had either jumped into the river or hidden behind trees. When he saw us, he began to tremble, but he became calmer as we talked to him. Soon he was trying to tell us where the others were, using a few Portuguese words along with his native language. While we visited with him, the other Indians gradually returned and stood around us, eying us inquisitively. We saw that they were indeed poverty-stricken and wore little or no clothing. One thing that especially impressed us was their sharp, pointed front teeth. Later we learned that they were filed or broken in this manner as a tribal custom. The chief and his wife became quite friendly, asking us to stay all night.

We accepted this invitation and were glad to see preparations being made for a special meal, because we had lived for several days on dried ground-up mandioca root called farinha, and little else. We relished the idea of having a good meal.

Finally everything was ready, and we were shown into the banquet hall, an old Indian hut. In the meanwhile evening had come, and it was impossible for us to see clearly as we peered at an object on a box, with a large knife by its side, in the middle of the room. The natives were gathered around to see what we would do; many were laughing, and all were curious. Elder Brown looked at me, and I looked at him. "You first," he said.

"No, thank you," I answered.

I saw a big black monkey, roasted with eyes, ears, and hair, and tail intact. Elder Brown remembers seeing a big black hog with ears and hoofs. Whether it was one or the other or both, we could not think of eating it. We begged to be excused the best we could, though we knew that it did not make for good relations to refuse an Indian meal. Trying to compensate for this, we outdid ourselves being friendly, and succeeded in winning them in spite of our refusal to eat with them.

The Indians enjoyed the feast to the fullest extent, eating, laughing, and having a wonderful time as they devoured the roasted meat. In the meantime we hunted up some farinha, drinking water with it to make it swell and give us the feeling of a full meal.

In the evening we gathered the Indians around us to tell them the story of salvation—the story of Jesus and His love. The man dressed in the shirt did his best to translate for us, and must have succeeded very well, for they listened attentively and seemed interested in what we said. As we stood out in the open, we had them look up into the starry heavens and consider the Creator, the true God who rules above and who even sent His Son to die that every poor Indian, as well as all others, might have everlasting life. We explained how He had made the sun, moon, and stars; yes, and even man himself.

We said, "God gave us this precious Book, the Bible, which tells us how we should live. It tells us that Jesus is now in heaven, far beyond the stars, preparing beautiful homes for all who love and obey Him. We should study God's Holy Word, the Bible, letting it change our lives as we follow its instruction. In it we learn of a wonderful trip everyone who obeys God may take, from this earth up to heaven, to live with Jesus forever. Would you like to go?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer.

We prayed that God would help them to love Jesus and the way of salvation, and that they might prepare for His coming, so that when He did appear they would be able to look up with joy and say, "This is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Many asked questions concerning that heavenly home. We endeavored to answer them in such a way as to get the story of salvation across to them the best we knew how.

The next day we headed for home. Brother Michilis left Elder Brown and me in the little town of Maues, from where we both boarded a boat for Belem, and I on to Rio de Janeiro. We had traveled more than a month, but thanked God for the privilege of telling about Jesus and His love.

The Tapirape Indians

HAVING left Frontoura, we headed for a village of the Tapirape Indians. We were informed that they were different from the Carajas we had met, having lighter skins and smaller frames. Possibly they were of Tupian stock, for they spoke a Tupian dialect.

Though we heard many conflicting reports of their way of life, we were assured that a man did not dare enter their territory with his wife, or they would kill him and keep her. Indeed, they were reported to be more hostile and fierce than other tribes in the Amazon Basin. We could get very little accurate information concerning them, however, because they are not mentioned in many encyclopedias and

are seldom visited by white people. They still live far removed from the traveled thoroughfares of civilization.

We went down the Araguaya River to the entrance of the Tapirape River, and then up this stream to a small shack on its north bank. We had been told that this little hut marked the entrance to the Tapirape settlement.

We were on a missionary journey. Somehow we had been impressed from what we had heard of these people that we ought to search them out and study the possibility of establishing a school among them. Though we tried, we could not find anyone to go with us and serve as an interpreter; but since the purpose of our tour was to carry the light of the gospel to these needy Indians, we went forward in faith, believing that God would guide and protect us. We knew just one word of their language and were not sure of its meaning, but with it as a tool we set out to visit a practically unknown tribe.

When we arrived at the little tumble-down cabin, we took for granted it was the one we had been told of, because we had seen no others for several days. The nights had not been too pleasant because sand bars for beds had failed us, and sitting long hours in a boat under the heat of the tropical sun was far from restful. We were glad when we could get out and stretch and do a little exploring before anchor-

ing our boat. Soon we discovered, as the man had said we would, a little path leading through a rather open space toward the forest north of us.

Early the next morning we were off to find the Tapirape Indians. We filled our pockets with peanuts and also took along some farinha, useful because we could eat it, drink some water, swell up, and feel full. With cameras and what film we had, we started for the forest, thinking little of what might happen, for we knew we were on a mission for Christ, searching for His jewels.

Though the trail was quite dim, we could tell that it had been a path. With no definite assurance that the shack was the right one or that the path was leading to the Indians we wanted to see, we felt we were truly walking by faith. We could not carry our bedding or any amount of food, for in the heat of the tropical sun and with rivers to cross, we would do well to travel unhampered. Streams presented the greatest problem, because we had to ford them on foot, never certain how deep they would be when we stepped in. We did know, however, that they were infested with crocodiles which respected neither man nor beast, a fact that did not add to our peace of mind. The water was a bit muddy, making it difficult to see whether crocodiles were present, but onward we plunged, because we were on a mission for God. In one river the water came to our arm-

pits. Another was crossed by walking out part of the way on a fallen tree and jumping from there to the opposite bank.

Few animals of any kind, not even snakes, were encountered in this terrain, but in the timbered sections some monkeys objected to our entering their territory, while parakeets and parrots added their notes of jabber and scream. As the day wore on, we could not keep from wondering if we would ever see anyone except monkeys. Finally we came to a little hut, where an open fire was burning as if a meal were in preparation. We walked in and looked around, seeing no one, but the parched barley was tempting and helped to satisfy our hunger. Although we called, there was no answer. Still we sensed that somebody must be close by, perhaps behind a tree with a bow and arrow pointed our way. With this uncomfortable feeling we decided to continue up the trail.

We were again in a quandary when we came to a large stream of water, with no way to determine its depth. As far as we could see there was no path on the other side. However, the water was clear and refreshing to people as thirsty as we. With apparent misgivings we stood looking at each other. Finally someone said, "Men, what shall we do? Shall we go forward, or shall we retreat?" All replied, "Let's go forward."

Ernesto, the youngest man of the group and a very good swimmer, plunged in, with the rest of us following. The water was so invigorating we felt like sitting down and cooling off a bit, but the day was passing and the thought of staying all night in a river was not too tempting, so onward we went. While the stream did not prove to be so deep as we had expected, we found no path away from the other side, just as we had feared. Again we held a council to discuss our course of action—should we go upstream or downstream? The final decision was for upstream.

After some little time we discovered a path leading out into the forest. We followed it, ascending a long grade, then going over a hill and into a valley with several more hills in it. By now the forest had thinned out until we could see for some distance in all directions. Looking back up the grade from where we had just come, we saw a lone Indian standing on a little hill with a bow and arrow in his hands. It was plain that he was a warrior and was endeavoring to look fierce, though it was with apparent effort. He was dressed in his best—with no clothes on. When we motioned for him to come to us, he responded slowly and cautiously. As he neared, I said to him, "*Ticanto*." ("How do you do?")

He replied, "*Ticanto*."

Then I said, "*Tapirape ticanto*."

"*Tapirape ticanto*," he answered.

He must be a Tapirape Indian, I thought. He was rather short of stature, and if the dirt were washed off, we surmised that he would be of a lighter complexion than the other Indians we had known. We rejoiced to think that at last we had found a real, live Tapirape Indian, but how to talk to him was the next problem. Now that the conversation, so far as our vocabulary allowed, was over, he also seemed to feel the need of a common language. He walked over to Ernesto, who held a rifle in his hand, and handed him his bow and arrows as he reached for the rifle.

"Release the shells and hand it to him," I advised, for I considered he could not do much harm with an empty gun, and wanted to avoid antagonizing him.

Ernesto complied, and the Indian started off with the gun on his shoulder, smiling, as much as to say, "Now we are friends."

He led us through small banana patches, saying, "*Tapirape mucha banana ten.*" ("Tapirape have many bananas.") We passed some small fields of barley and beans, all poorly cared for and looking more like gardens than fields. There was the appearance of some civilization, though, which made us feel that we were possibly nearing our goal. He kept chatting away as we walked along, but he knew little Portuguese, and we knew only one word of his

tongue. Consequently neither of us could understand the other. Knowing that everyone can interpret the language of love, we endeavored to show an interest in him and to make him feel at home with us. This language he seemed to comprehend, as well as the signs we made to him as we walked along the path together.

Suddenly he stopped and gave a terrible yell which transfixed us with surprise, if not fright. Elder Bauer looked at me and said, "What is going to happen now?"

We did not have to wait long to find out, for in no time at all we were surrounded by fierce-looking Indians who really appeared wild. Our knees were trembling, for they looked ferocious enough to alarm anyone, and the chief had our only gun. While we stood watching, he began talking to them. Little by little, the rough, wild expressions disappeared from their faces, and they began to smile and then to laugh. They now wanted to carry everything that we had.

Grabbing our hats, they put them on, laughing heartily. Next they tried to pull off our shirts and pants, and we had to hang on with both hands to prevent such a disaster. Reaching into our pockets, they took out all we had, including our pocketbooks and money, even insisting on carrying our glasses. All of our possessions seemed to please them, for

with a good laugh they started running off with them as fast as they could, leaving us wondering if we would ever see our things again. The man whom we had first met proved to be the chief, and he stayed to direct us into their village.

In the location we entered, there were five long, narrow sheds about twenty or twenty-five feet long by ten feet wide, and stretched across each one were about ten hammocks woven from grass cords. I say sheds because there were no sides to any of the buildings, just dried grass roofs. Later we concluded by the use of signs that each hammock represented a family. As we wandered from one to the other, we were offered food at every stopping place, apparently as a gesture of good will. By the time the afternoon was over, we had consumed more bananas and parched barley than we would ever eat at once again, and had also found and recovered all our things.

In one hammock there was a sick man, hot with fever. After we had persuaded him to drink some water and had given him a couple of aspirin tablets, he began to feel better. This simple act helped to build up friendship and faith in us and made for better relations.

Next, a couple of boys went to the house of their god, dressed in dancing clothes, and came out dancing. The girls and widows began dancing in a circle

around the two boys. An Indian who could talk a little Portuguese managed to tell us that the women who danced were those who wanted to get married.

These Indians were different from any we had ever seen, in that they lived almost like the monkeys in the forest. Neither men nor women wore a stitch of clothing whatsoever; neither did they decorate their bodies with paint. Their yearly clothing bill was surely a minor consideration. Everyone slept as families in the hammocks. At night mom and dad crawled in first, and the children piled on top of them. Apparently they buried their dead in the dirt floor of their dwelling, for we found one hammock with two fresh graves under it. How we wished that we could talk to them and discover more about them, for we were greatly impressed with their dire need. More than ever we longed to teach them something of the way of life as revealed in God's Holy Book, but handicapped by the language barrier, we felt at a loss to know just what to do.

In the evening we built a bonfire, which they all gathered around and enjoyed, for the air was a bit cool for people dressed in no clothes. We began to sing a song we often used when working with the Indians, "*Deus Me Ama*." Over and over we sang it and repeated the words. Finally we heard an Indian joining in. As we continued, others tried to sing until at last all were singing with us. We read to them

from the Bible and had prayer, after which we dismissed them.

They brought us to the house of their god to spend the night. I do not know why they singled me out, but I was the only one who received a hammock; the rest were put to bed on the dirt floor with banana leaves for mattresses. I lay down in the hammock and was about to go to sleep when I felt someone feeling of my toes, and then feeling all over me. I could see that it was a man accompanied by a woman I took to be his wife. They stood and talked for a minute or so and then slipped away. When I was dozing off again, I was awakened the second time by another man and his wife going through the same performance. After a third couple had arrived and gone, I decided I had better sleep on the floor; for if I stayed in the hammock much longer, I might be in the soup by morning. Getting up, I found some banana leaves and lay down with the others to finish the night.

None of us could sleep very well because large cockroaches were crawling through the banana leaves continually; they must have been two inches long. Early in the morning the chief called us, saying, "*Tapirape mucha banana ten,*" and gave us a bunch for our breakfast.

When we began looking through our handbags, we found them filled with cockroaches that had ap-

parently enjoyed eating the leather. Then we discovered that they had devoured the bands out of our hats as well. If our hides had not been so tough, I suppose they would have eaten us also.

Since there was little that we could do, being unable to talk to them, we decided to return to the river. Sixty of the Indian men and women wanted to accompany us. It was a motley group that meandered along the dusty trail that day, singing the song that we had taught them, for all seemed to want to sing as they walked. When we were close to a large stream, the Indians ran ahead of us. By the time we arrived, all sixty were in the river, drinking. They had sat down in the water where it was deep enough to flow freely into their mouths, and were laughing and drinking at the same time. For us this was a new method of satisfying thirst which we did not care to try.

During that night of rest in the forest we were neither lonely nor afraid with so many escorts, but above all we felt that God was with us. Early the next morning we were all up and marching toward the Tapirape River, singing as we went along. A little before noon we reached it.

Ernesto and the other members of our party took the chief and his wife for a ride in our boat, which thrilled them as well as the others on the shore who enjoyed watching. Their eyes opened wide when the

engine started to carry the boat up the stream. We gave all the Indians a little gift, such as a small amount of salt or farinha, pleasing them very much. It did our hearts good to see them laughing and talking among themselves.

Before leaving, we called them around us once more and again read and talked to them about Jesus and His love. We used the Portuguese language, which they could neither understand nor speak, but God must have translated for us, because something touched their hearts. They stood there with tears flowing down their cheeks. After praying with them, we said good-by, got into our boat, and were off. While we rode away from them, we sang "*Deus Me Ama*," and like a friendly farewell they joined us in the chorus, watching from the bank while more and more space separated us. As far as we could hear, they were still singing that song.

We left with rather heavy hearts. We longed for their salvation, but felt that little had been done. Having had almost no contact with what we call civilization, they were not corrupted with many of the vices and diseases of modern man, but how much they needed a revelation of the true God! When we thought of more than fifty other Indian tribes in the Amazon Basin, we wondered how God could ever reach them through His human instruments. But we found that when one tribe received the gospel, the

love of God began to burn in hearts, and someone among them would feel the need of carrying the message to another tribe. So it was possible to see how God could finish His work even among them.

As I write these lines, more than thirty years later, I am sad because no missionary work has been done among the Tapirape Indians. Many of them have gone to their graves without hearing the message of God's redeeming love. Their settlement has been ravaged by tropical diseases. They are still waiting. Who will hear the call?

Songs That Saved Lives

LIBERTY is man's God-given right and should be prized highly. I sometimes fear we do not appreciate the liberty granted all races and creeds in our great country, for after living outside the United States I came to value more than ever the importance of personal freedom. Ever must we maintain and hold dear the lofty principles that have made our nation—the separation of church and state, with liberty and justice for all.

On one occasion I joined a mission director to begin a short series of meetings in a small rural town in North Brazil. After contacting the proper authorities, we rented a suitable hall and opened our effort. There were good crowds from the first,

with apparent interest in the presentation of God's Word. How we rejoiced to see so many taking part in the songs and listening attentively to the sermons; but one night things seemed to change. A noisy crowd gathered on the outside of the hall, and when my companion went out to calm them down, he was unable to accomplish much.

While I was speaking, a bullet whizzed past my head into the wall behind me. It was no time to become alarmed or panicky, so I kept right on preaching as if nothing had happened, recommending to my listeners silence and prayer. The meeting progressed without further incident. When the mob saw they had not frightened us, they seemed to decide they were not succeeding very well and remained comparatively quiet.

Before dismissing the people, I impressed upon them the necessity of refraining from arguments, asking that they retire to their homes peacefully. I concluded with an invitation to the next meeting. As those inside the building left, they were approached by sinister members of the mob with rigorous threats that they would be in grave danger if they returned the following night. Though this kept some away, a very good crowd was present as usual.

Then our enemies apparently decided that the best way to hinder us was to visit all the interested ones, urging them to stay away from any more meet-

ings. Among those warned privately was a widow with two young daughters. They were told not to attend again, or their lives would be in danger. This was most disturbing to the woman, who was finding great joy in the gospel songs and messages of truth being presented, as were her children. She felt that she was getting something worth more than the material things of this world, even more than life itself, for peace filled her soul as she opened the door of her heart to let Jesus in. Instead of staying away from the hall, she was present each night.

The widow's little girls especially enjoyed the songs we taught at the meeting, and many times as they helped with household tasks, they sang while working. The mother sometimes joined in with them, for the praise of music was dear to her also. The entire family was thrilled with the truths found in God's Word, and gratefully expressed their happiness in this way.

A certain group of men who were enemies of Seventh-day Adventists decided that something had to be done about the people who continued to attend our services, and renewed their active individual work along with severe threats. The widow was among those given drastic warnings; but being greatly impressed with the Bible message, she and her children continued to come to the hall each night regardless of the danger. This made the men so

angry that they settled on a most wicked measure, apparently to put others on guard as to possible consequences. According to the report brought us, they hired two men to go to her house and kill her.

The woman and her children continued each day in the quiet of their home, singing, meditating on the Scriptures, and learning to pray. One evening as she was thus engaged, with the children washing the evening dishes and singing songs they had learned to enjoy, two men stealthily slipped along the fence to the gate which led to the front door of the house. Murder was in their hearts. One of the men stopped suddenly, whispering to his companion, "Listen." In wondering silence they crouched together by the gate as the sweet notes of a lovely hymn reached their ears:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

"Does this woman have a friend to help her?" asked one, puzzled.

"Sounds like she does," was the reply.

"We had better be careful; our lives may be in danger."

"Listen," said the other.

Then through the evening air came another beautiful song.

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood."

This was almost too much for the men. "Those little girls surely know how to sing," they agreed.

"I wonder if they would sing for us if we went inside," one of them finally dared to suggest.

"Let's go in and see," the other ventured, "but be careful what you do. Girls that can sing like that must have a good mother." God's Spirit was working with the men.

When they knocked at the door, the woman invited them in. After being seated, they asked if the girls would sing for them, explaining that they had heard the music from outside and that it had made them want to see the girls and hear them sing again. Their request was granted, with several good spiritual songs following.

In the conversation which followed, one of the men said to the mother, "Do you know why we are here tonight?"

She answered, "No, I do not."

"You have been attending the meetings at the hall, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have been going with my two girls, and we surely enjoy them. That is where the girls learned to sing. I never knew before how God gave His Son, Jesus, to die that we might be saved. Such love we cannot understand, but since it is true, we have decided to show our appreciation by loving Him and following the way of salvation. Great peace has filled our hearts such as we never knew before. Have you been to the meetings too?" she queried.

"No," the men replied, "but apparently we have missed something worthwhile."

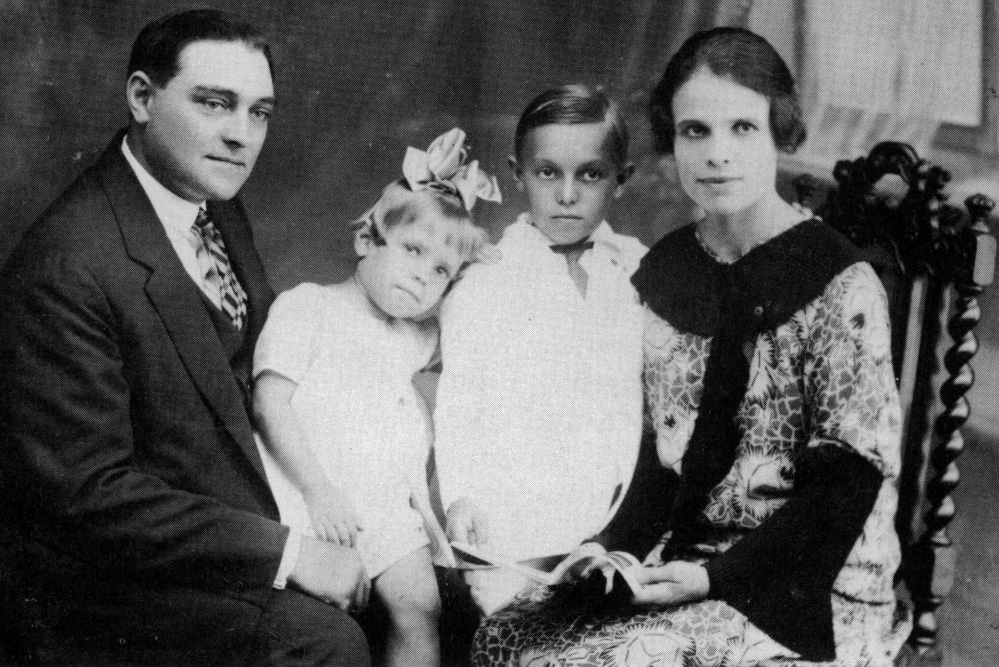
"*Señora*," one of them said earnestly, "we were sent here to make sure you would never attend another of those meetings, even if it were necessary to take your life. But the songs sung by these girls have touched our hearts, and we simply are unable to carry out our mission. Anything that causes children to sing like these little girls cannot be very bad, so please keep them singing. We must be going. Good night."

We never learned what became of the men, but we do know that there was real rejoicing in that home when they realized how God had blessed gospel songs to the saving of their lives. Truly the Lord is a mighty helper in times of trouble.

The enemies of our work had probably decided to make an example of this woman since she was alone and without natural protectors, thus frightening others and breaking up our meetings. Because it is God's design that all have an opportunity to hear the words of salvation, in His great love He signally protected these humble servants. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

The Call of the Amazon

AN extended region, calling, "Come over and help us," was spread before us as we looked toward the great Amazon Basin after the exploratory trips we had made. Elder John Brown was called to Buenos Aires to take charge of the missionary work of the South American Division soon after we returned from our missionary journey to the Maues Indians, thus leaving a newborn field in dire need. The director of the Bahia Mission, Elder L. B. Halliwell, was asked to lead out in the work of the Amazon Basin. With his wife and two children, he accepted this invitation and moved at once to Belem, in the state of Pará, Brazil. Time proved that his experience as a civil engineer, mechanic,



Top: Elder L. B. Halliwell and family at the time they went to Belem, Para, to begin work on the Amazon River in Brazil.

Bottom: The Luzeiro I proved to be a tremendous asset to medical missionary work.

and minister, and his wife's training as a registered nurse, made them just the couple needed for that challenging place.

In a short time Elder Halliwell saw that a mission launch was necessary in order to do proper work for that great river basin. Designing something he thought would be economical and yet acceptable, he turned over his blueprint to a local boat builder. Equipped with a strange-looking ax, and a wooden plane, the man soon turned out a nice little boat, in which was installed a diesel engine. This was of the ancient type, with a round ball on the side of the motor head, which had to be heated with a blowtorch to get it started.

As soon as Elder Halliwell was ready to make his first trip in his new launch, I went to Belem to accompany him and help him get acquainted with his new field. It was a hot, humid day when I arrived, and the Halliwell children, a boy and a girl, invited me to go to town, where we enjoyed assai ice cream, my first introduction to that type of refreshment. Assai fruit, which grows on a kind of palm tree, is small like a berry and has a lovely red color and pleasing flavor. We had a wonderful time together.

The next day Elder Halliwell and I loaded the boat, leaving that afternoon for the first missionary journey of a Seventh-day Adventist launch on the

Amazon. We were unaccustomed to the river, nor did we know its dangers. Not far out of Belem it apparently becomes an ocean, for we could not see land in any direction. Since we had no compass, we steered toward the west, following the sun and hoping to reach land before dark. The tide was changing and the waves were high, making our boat bob up and down like a cork in a violent sea.

Sometimes we were down in a watery chasm, unable to see anything but high walls of angry waves on every side. Such a ride I had never experienced, and I hope that I shall never take another like it. If I have ever been frightened, I was that time, expecting any moment that the boat would come apart or the engine stop functioning, because it was far from trustworthy. For hours our little launch weathered the strain of the dashing waves, and the engine kept going. At last the sun went down, and the evening shadows began to hover over us. How thankful we were, as the darkness settled around us, to see a light in the distance—a real ray of hope and courage. Heading our boat in that direction, we soon found a sheltered place along the shore, where we spent our first night, thankful to our Father above for taking us safely through that dangerous stretch of the river.

We learned our first great lesson about travel on the Amazon that afternoon and night. All river boats

and some seagoing vessels do not try to sail through that stretch of the river when the tide is changing, but anchor and wait until the water is smooth again before going on. We shall long remember this dangerous experience.

Another night we were traveling not far from a town called Obedos. The moon was shining, and the night was clear, when almost without warning the wind started to blow, clouds covered the sky, and the waves began to roll. We were far from shore with the visibility very poor when suddenly our boat was lifted as it was thrown to one side, and the engine stopped. Not until then did we discover that there were logs floating through the water, and that we had just gone over one. With much anxiety and hard work we got our engine started and headed for what appeared to be land. Though we bumped a few more logs and rolled over high waves, we finally came to a sheltered place along the shore, where we spent the night after thanking God for again saving our lives and our boat.

While on this trip we visited Brother Michilis, whom Elder Brown and I had baptized during my first trip up the Amazon. We held more meetings and baptized several new converts. We appreciated greatly the fine work that our brother was doing there. He and his family were of good courage, faithfully living up to their baptismal vows.

Leaving Brother Michilis's place, we went on up the Maues River to the village of the Maues Indians. Again we held meetings with them, teaching them more and more of the wonderful love of our blessed Saviour. We were encouraged with signs of a developing interest, especially in the life and attitude of the chief and his wife. Before leaving we presented him with a nice Bible printed in rather large type, and of this he seemed very proud.

Upon returning to Maues, we found that the radio station manager was in distress; his engine running the generator which furnished electrical power for his radio station had refused to function. Elder Halliwell and I worked for almost a day before we got it to operate, but this experience gave him quite a lot of prestige and opened the way for him to hold meetings later in this village. This circumstance illustrates the fact that missionaries need to make use of every opportunity to create good will.

It later came to our knowledge that soon after we left the Maues Indians, enemies had gone in and taken the new Bible that the chief prized so highly and had torn it in pieces, throwing the fragments into the Maues River. God blessed those scattered bits of Scripture, for later when Elder Halliwell held meetings in the little town of Maues, many people along the banks of the river attended and accepted the teachings of God's great Guidebook, the Holy

Bible. We understand that with the later work carried on in that region the number of faithful commandment keepers has been increased to around four hundred souls.

Elder Halliwell soon saw that a different type of launch was needed, and I had the privilege of helping raise the money for it. Constructed so that he and his wife could be at home in regular living quarters built right in the cabin, both comfort and efficiency were thus promoted. More important still, it was powered by a trustworthy engine. Using this boat, they would spend months each year traveling on the great Amazon and its nearby tributaries, treating thousands of people and bringing gladness to hundreds of homes. At night it was anchored close to shore and an electric cord was run from it to the land, providing light for their meetings and power for their picture slides, and aiding them greatly as they told the wonderful story of salvation to the people gathered around. After the service they treated many of the sick.

On one trip they entered a home where they found everyone dead except a little child, who was crawling helplessly over his lifeless mother. Taking the child, they found a home for it, making it as comfortable as possible. A terrible scourge—probably the deadly malaria—had swept through this settlement, leaving family after family dead.

It is truly marvelous how God has spared the lives of Elder and Mrs. Halliwell, entering as they have disease-infested districts, treating the sick and suffering day after day, yet never becoming ill with any of the many tropical maladies. They have been real missionaries in a rugged, devoted, self-sacrificing work of love. Elder Halliwell justly deserves the title "Apostle to the Amazon Basin."

Today we have six launches with consecrated missionaries plying the waters of the Amazon and its tributaries, following the remarkable example set by Elder Halliwell and his faithful wife. The Lord is richly blessing in this wonderful project, and now hundreds of God-loving, God-fearing members of His church dot the shores of the great Amazon.

My heart thrills when I think of what the Lord has done and is doing for His people, and I am overwhelmed with humility and thanksgiving because He has considered Belle and me worthy to labor for Him. Though we found problems in the mission field were continuous and sometimes severe, the resulting fruitage has more than made up for any other consideration. Often I think how glorious heaven will be to those simple Indian folk, many of whom have known only abject poverty. I long to be there and witness their wondering joy as Jesus stretches forth His hands to them in loving welcome. Earnestly I pray with eager anticipation, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

Retrospect

IT IS early morning in our home. Belle and I are seated in easy chairs in our living room, ready for morning worship. Through the window we can see the beautiful landscape. As we watch the sun rise, the clouds are illuminated and painted with colors mixed by the Master Artist. As we look at the gorgeous scene, we think of the day when Jesus will come in all His beauty to gather His loved ones home—the day we have looked forward to through all the years we have tried to serve our Master.

Now our minds wander back to the days when we were young and living in the little town of Puno, Peru, nestled along the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. We had been sent there to take charge of the

work among the Inca Indians, famous in the early history of this hemisphere. We can visualize our home there with high, rugged mountains far to the north and the east, and with the mighty lake always near us.

Thirty years have passed into eternity since we lived there. Our once black hair is now silver gray; we are no longer young. But in memory it was only yesterday when we mounted our trusty horses, Dan and Cruzero, and set out over muddy trails, swollen streams, and dangerous mountain passes to minister to those in distress and pain. Never complaining or drawing back, they carried us through storms of wind, sleet, and snow; nor did they quail when lightning flashed all around us and balls of fire seemed to jump from one horse's ear to the other.

The long days and nights spent in the saddle and the days of visiting schools and homes where Indian men and women, boys and girls, were waiting to hear our message can never be forgotten. Again we can see the receptions planned to welcome us as we approached these schools, and in the distant years the echoes of the tin horns sound sweet and appealing. Then there are the boys themselves whose youthful faces are still plain in our fancy—Manoel, Philippi, Jose, Mario, Juancito, and many others who went from these simple mountain schools to higher institutions of learning, where they were prepared to

carry the burdens of God's work today. We cannot refrain from declaring the marvelous work God has wrought for the boys and girls in the highlands of Peru.

Not long ago at a General Conference session we had the privilege of meeting some of the young men who came from this region around Lake Titicaca. Among these was a student, Brother Huayllara, who has been a teacher in the training school at Juliaca, the school where the Indians and the missionaries made the adobes for the first building so many years ago. As he showed pictures of the progress of the work in that mission field to Sister Stahl, Belle, and me, our hearts were filled with gratitude to God for what has been accomplished.

We cannot recall our life in this field without thinking of the many sermons preached and of the wonderful response we saw on the faces of the listeners as the Spirit of God entered their hearts and helped them receive the gospel message. Again in memory I go down into the water and bury these dear souls in baptism, hundreds who chose to follow the Lord Jesus and were faithful to Him through the coming years. As we think of these joyous, trying days spent in working for the Master, the dangers, hardships, and trials of the past all vanish, and we thank God for the privilege we had of working in the Lake Titicaca field, where the Spirit of God was

manifested in such a mighty way. It all comes back to us now like a glorious dream.

A visit we especially prized at General Conference time was with Elder Rodolpho Belz, a veteran worker and the president of the East Brazil Union. We remember him as a young man, striving earnestly to develop his talents as a Christian worker while we were working in Brazil.

It was a privilege for us to meet Elder M. S. Nigri, the president of the South Brazil Union, where we labored for so many years. It was good to hear of the work that is being done in that great field. We enjoyed visiting with Elder Juan Meier and his wife, with whom we were associated in Argentina. He has carried heavy responsibilities in many fields and is now chaplain of the Argentine sanitarium.

From Elder Juan Riffel, a departmental secretary of the South American Division, we heard a wondrous story of the progress of the work in that entire field, a story that filled our hearts with joy and praise. Where a hundred baptisms a year used to seem a large number, today a thousand or more are baptized in the same period of time. The Spirit of God is being poured out today, and great fruitage is the result.

Fifty years of service are now in the past. A few years ago the brethren in the North Pacific Union permitted us to retire and moved us to Phoenix, Arizona,

where I served as associate pastor of the Phoenix Central Church.

After two years in Arizona we are now located in Clarkston, Washington. We have many friends here and enjoy our Bible work and preaching in the area.

Our courage in the Lord is good, and we are happy to still have a small part in the Lord's work. Our faith in God has grown stronger with the passing years. The coming of the Lord Jesus as King of kings and Lord of lords seems more real to us than ever before. As the signs of the last days multiply around us, we are reminded that our journey is almost over, and that our "redemption draweth nigh."

With the days of our aggressive service over, we must pass on to younger hands the lighted torch of God's message to this generation.

Young men and women, we must depend on you to finish God's work in the earth. We sincerely hope that the stories in this book will thrill you with a desire to be a better servant of God and a more faithful messenger of His. I would like to close this book with the exhortation found in the familiar hymn:

"Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring;
Jesus is coming again!"

May we all meet in the new earth.







H. BAER



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